

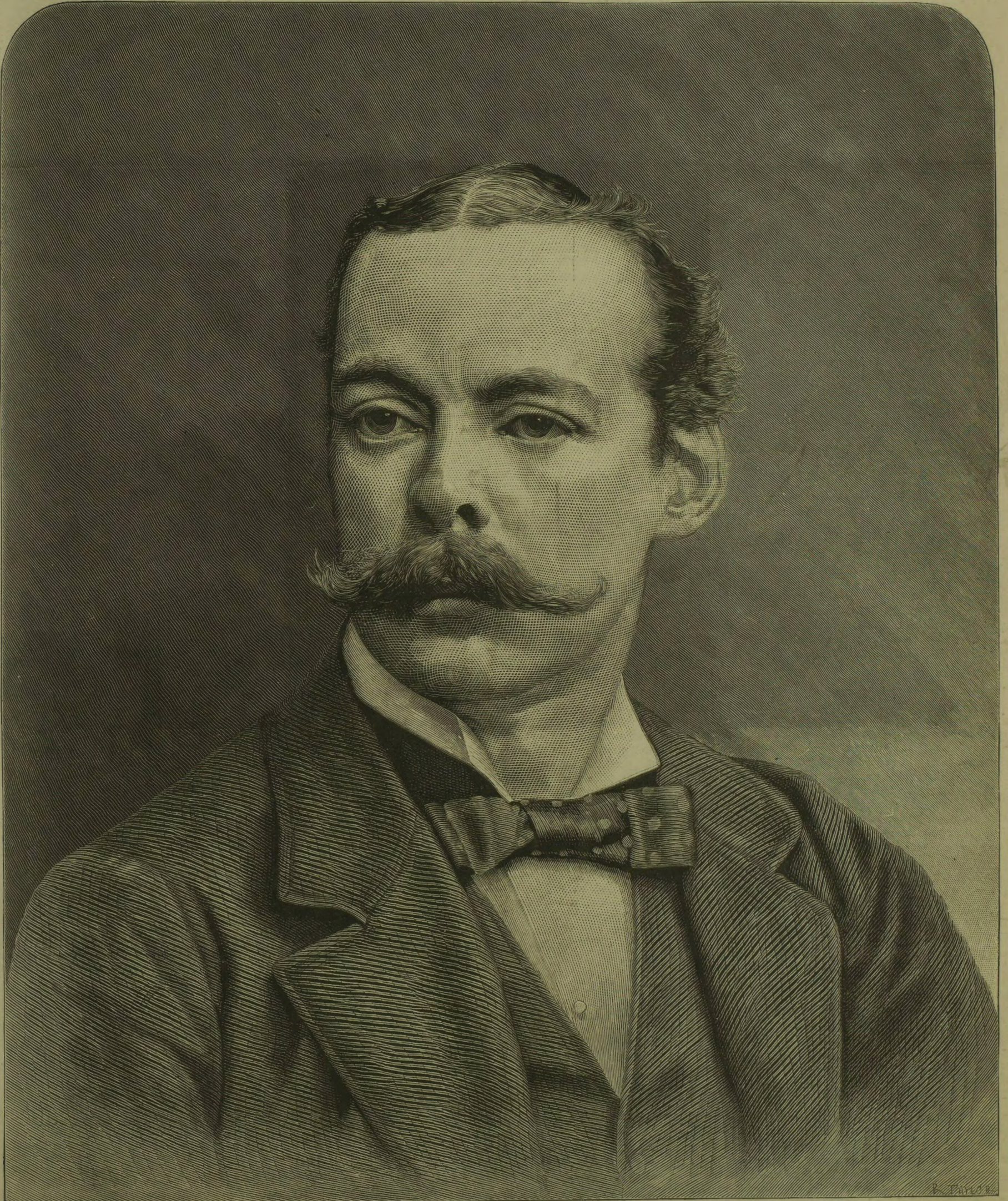
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE RIGHT HON. LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P., THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

This has been a week of the ghastliest and most lamentable Echoes imaginable. What are the people in Belfast about? Why are they cutting one another's throats? What is sought to be proven, or demonstrated, or gained by these horrible disturbances? What are the clergy of all denominations about that they do not throw themselves into the midst of the hostile mobs, and implore, abjure, command them to desist?

In one respect the hostile factions who are bringing shame and scandal on a splendid city—of which the working classes are singularly skilful and intelligent—are unanimous. They all concur in manifesting their hatred of the police by throwing stones at them; and the constabulary—not too wisely, I think—respond by firing backshot into the mob. It may seem very impertinent to offer a suggestion as to how peace might be restored in Belfast; yet I cannot help fancying that about the best way to put a stop to the rioting would be to withdraw the troops and police altogether from the city, and let the rioters fight it out among themselves. They are not predatory, but only pugnacious, and they could not go on fighting for ever. It is dismally curious to find history repeating itself in these Belfast commotions. I read in a daily paper:—

A painful feature about the street attacks is the recurrence of assaults made by hands of young women, girls, and boys on others of their class who belong to the opposition faction. In many instances women and girls have been set upon, knocked down, robbed, shamefully beaten, and their clothes torn from their backs, before the police or soldiers could interfere to save them.

If you will read M. De Vaulabelle's "History of the Restoration in France," or refer to what M. Louis Blanc and M. Daudet have written about the "Terreur Blanche," you will find that in the South of France, in 1815, after Waterloo, and at the height of the clerical reaction against Bonapartism and Protestantism, outrages by women on women were common. Note in particular a case which occurred at Nîmes, on the Feast of Assumption, Aug. 15, 1815, and which has been reproduced with disagreeable fidelity in a certain episode in "L'Assommoir." The "carder" of the Menads of Nîmes was a wooden pallet studded with nails, forming the pattern of a fleur-de-lys, and was styled "le battoir Royal."

I have had in my time some slight experience of the temper of bellicose Belfast. Some two-and-twenty years since, we were staying with Lord Dufferin, at his beautiful place, Clondeboyne, near Belfast; and I was asked to come into the city to deliver a lecture about America (whence I had just returned) for the benefit of the funds of some Young Men's, or Old Men's, or Middle-aged Men's Association.

The lecture was given in the Ulster Hall, a very large building; and it was crowded. I happened to say incidentally that my sympathies during the great Civil War had been with the South rather than with the North. Now, Belfast, throughout the great struggle between Federals and Confederates, had been inflexibly loyal to the Northern side; and no sooner had my unlooked utterance been made than a tremendous "shindy" arose in the Ulster Hall. The audience in the gallery howled themselves hoarse; the audience in the area proceeded to pluck up the benches; and, for the first time in my life, I heard the ominous reverberations of the "Kentish Fire." I took advantage of a brief lull to tell the infuriated assembly that I had come to lecture, not for my benefit, but for their own; and that, if I had to stay on the platform all night, they would have to listen to me. Upon this, some good-natured soul in the gallery called out, "Let's hear the blagyard." They heard the "blagyard," and in the end went away quite pleased.

In the matter of the relative pronoun. In despite of a large number of correspondents who have written to me, more or less patronisingly, to tell me that it is quite correct to say "The letter you wrote," instead of "The letter which," or "that, you wrote," I maintain that the omission of the relative pronoun leads to the writing and speaking of slipshod English, and that slipshod English is bad English. The only English grammar for which I care much is "Cobbett's." Cobbett, that writer of excellently sound English, says nothing about any license to omit the relative pronoun; but he *does* write as follows:—

I cannot, even for the present, quit these relative pronouns without observing to you that they are words of vast importance, and that more errors, and errors of greater consequence, arise from a misapplication of them than from the misapplication of almost all the other classes of words put together. The reason is this—they are *relatives*, and they frequently stand for the representatives of that which has gone before, and which stands in a distant part of the sentence.

But now for something slightly droll. One of my correspondents thinks that he has me on the hip, by pointing out that, in more than one paragraph of last week's "Echoes," I omitted the relative pronoun. On referring to the page in question I find that my correspondent is quite right. The reason why the relative pronouns were omitted is that the amanuensis to whom I dictate is a lady, who, with the sweet contempt of her charming sex for grammar, probably thinks relative pronouns, "nasty, tiresome things." I might have corrected the errors in the proof, you may say; but I am ill, and growing blinder every week.

I asked a question last week about the wig or wigs of the Speaker of the House of Commons. The question was based on a newspaper paragraph; for I was never in the House of Commons in my life, and have never had a full view of the Speaker in or out of his wig. A courteous correspondent, "W. M. M., Henley-on-Thames," who has seen the Speaker-elect on many occasions, tells me "that when the right honourable gentleman presents himself at the bar of the House of Lords for the approbation of her Majesty's Commissioners, he always wears Court dress, without any gown, stuff or silk. On his return to the Lower House he assumes his silk gown and full-bottomed wig. The official full dress of the First Commoner in England is that of a Queen's Counsel, minus the bands as worn when

Q.C.'s plead in the House of Lords, or appear on occasions of state."

But this does not answer the question which, "with all malice," as the Spaniards say, I venture to put. Why does the Speaker of the House of Commons wear a wig at all? The first Speaker that we wot of, "*Monsieur Thomas de Hungerford, Chevalier, qui avait la parole par les communes d'Angleterre en cet Parlement*," so styled in the Parliamentary Rolls of the 51st of Edward III., A.D. 1377, certainly wore no wig; nor did Sir Thomas More, who was Speaker in the 14th of Henry VIII., nor did Sir Randolph Crewe, who was Speaker in the 12th of James I. The first Speaker who wore a periwig was probably Sir Harbottle Grimstone, in the 1st of Charles II. The first who assumed a full-bottomed wig of the Q.C.'s pattern may have been Robert Harley, who "bossed" the Commons in 1701, the 1st of the good Queen Anne. But why the wig in 1886? Why not a ruff, a skull-cap, a cocked hat, a helmet, or a bonnet and feathers? Do our Parliaments date only from the beginning of the eighteenth century?—and is it quite in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that the official garb of the President of the most dignified Legislative Assembly in the world should be identical with the costume worn by Speakers when Parliament was notoriously venal and corrupt?

Mem. No. 1: Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, used to date the decline of England from the day when the bench of Bishops ceased to wear wigs like birds' nests, and their footmen were no longer arrayed in purple liveries. But the Bishops seem to be getting on very well indeed without wigs. Why not a wigless Speaker?

Mem. No. 2: While in Queensland last year, I was honoured with the acquaintance of the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, Mr. Groom. He wore in the House a most portentous full-bottomed wig. I asked him why he wore it. He replied that he was not aware of any reason for donning a wig. The Queensland Judges are also fully bewigged, and the climate of Queensland is in the summer as hot as the climate of India. The Indian Judges wear gowns, but no wigs. The whole subject, to me, is a mystery.

Mem. No. 3: I have a slight qualification to make of the statement that I had never set eyes on a Speaker of the House of Commons. I am reminded that I did once see a portion of the Right Honourable Gentleman's full-bottomed wig, and possibly even the tip of his nose, some four-and-thirty years ago, on the occasion of the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington. But it was the Speaker's state carriage, in which he rode from Westminster to St. Paul's, that chiefly attracted my attention. A very remarkable coach, too seldom seen.

Here is a correspondent, "A. A." (Northampton), who has really got the Distressed Compiler into a corner. He writes:—

In your "Echoes" this week, in recommending habits of thrift, you say "that with less drinking there would be fewer domestic rows, less destitution, less misery, less disease, and less death." There can be no gain-saying the fact that destitution, misery, and disease cause many deaths, and without these blights on human happiness the people would be longer lived; but this does not mean there would be less death; for if people lived longer there would be more on the earth at any given time, and as the grave is the common end of all, there would be more persons to die, and more would die. This, of course, is not saying that the death-rate would be higher.

I lift my hat to my most logical correspondent, and respectfully retire to a back seat.

Sir Spencer St. John (whom the *Times* lately called Mr. St. John) her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of Mexico, writing to the ex-Foreign Secretary, deprecates the commercial ascendancy in Aztecland of foreigners over Englishmen. He adds that the commercial and industrial interests of some foreign countries, notably Germany and Austria, are very effectually benefited in Mexico by private commercial travellers, who, being conversant with the languages and requirements of the countries which they visit, are thus specially qualified to stimulate the demand for classes of goods produced by the manufacturing firms which they represent. Too much attention, Sir Spencer St. John thinks, cannot be devoted to the training of an intelligent and linguistically proficient class of English commercial travellers.

Certainly, dear Sir Spencer; but will English young men care to go through the laborious training in languages to which German youths who intend to become clerks or commercial travellers willingly submit? At the risk of being remonstrated with, rebuked, sneered at, or even abused and insulted (on post-cards), I unhesitatingly aver that there is a great deal too much play, and too little work, among the English youth of the present day. The windows of my study overlook the garden of an old London square; and in that garden I see fine, shapely, athletic young fellows, in tom-fool dresses, playing lawn-tennis throughout the entire summer afternoons, and far into the evening. They should be at work, learning languages, or drawing, or practical geometry; and there are tens of thousands of lads and young men all over the country who are wasting their time in useless sports; and when the time comes for them to be launched on the world—when there is no more assistance to be obtained from the "governor," what are these spirited young lawn-tennis players to do? Go to sea before the mast, or emigrate to the Colonies—to find they cannot earn a livelihood there?

Lawn-tennis, cricket, and football are all very manly and bracing games, no doubt; but in England, as in Australia, these games are carried to a perniciously demoralising excess; and while we at home are revelling in the prowess of our young athletes and making a hero of a hobbledyho, who knocks a leathern ball about with a bat, the foreigner is pushing us from our stools, conquering our clerkships, ousting us from the best markets, and competing with and underselling us in every possible way.

A great daily newspaper, commenting on the protest against the Royal Academy, and its sins of omission and com-

mission, published jointly by Messrs. Holman Hunt, Clausen, and Walter Crane, has had the hardihood to suggest that one of the first steps towards Academic reform should be the abolition of the annual Academy banquet, which, from first to last, must have cost full sixty thousand pounds—money which might be much better spent in furthering the real interests of art. For my part, I should be very sorry to see the annual Burlington House dinner abolished. It is such a very exceptional dinner. At the Mansion House, when the Lord Mayor gives an entertainment which he holds to be of a public nature, the representatives of all the daily journals are bidden to the feast. The Academicians are far too high and mighty to admit more than a single representative of the Press to their banquet; and from the office of the favoured newspaper "slips," containing the printed report of the speeches, are sent to the offices of the other daily papers, which have the moral courage *not* to refuse these insulting contributions. A journalist is considered good enough to dine with Peers and Members of Parliament, Archbishops and Bishops, Generals and Judges, but he is not considered good enough to dine once a year with a society of painters, many of whom cannot paint tolerably.

But the annual Academy "feed" will not be abolished; the Academicians will continue to exercise their privilege of exhibiting eight pictures on "the line"; the Council will be as arbitrary and the Hanging Committee as capricious as ever; and the protests of Messrs. Holman Hunt, Clausen, and Walter Crane, and their possible successors will be of no more avail than were the savage lampoons of scurrilous old Peter Pindar nearly a hundred years ago, and the later onslaughts of Benjamin Robert Hayden. The Royal Academy of Arts have come to be possessed of important vested interests; and "vested interests" in this country are sacred things.

In the matter of the "Dog and the Shadow"—which should be Reflection—"Ombroso" writes, and writes almost illegibly:—

Surely you are too hypercritical. *Skia* has at least two meanings—"shadow" and "reflection." Every reflection is a shadow (!), not the reverse.

"Surely," my correspondent should study Gwilt's "Sciography," to teach him something about the nature of shadows. As for the word *skia* meaning "reflection" as well as "shadow," since when has that phenomenon occurred? Send me to the books. As at present instructed, I deny "Ombroso's" allegation *in toto*. *Skia* means a shadow, a shade, a departed spirit, an uninvited guest who accompanies an invited one; but it has not the remotest reference to "reflection," the Greek for which is *antiraklasis*. And it is "surely" no more hypercritical to point out that a shadow is not a reflection, than it is to explain that a muffin is not a mustard-pot, nor an almond-cake an apple-pudding.

But I am delighted to find that I have an illustrious authority to corroborate me in that which I have said touching shadows and reflections. A correspondent, "A. H.," refers me to "Modern Painters" (vol. i., page 330, of the first edition of 1843), where it is stated that "on clear water, near the eye (and no doubt the dog's eyes were pretty close to the stream) there cannot be even the appearance of shadow." My obliging correspondent also refers me to Mr. Ruskin's "Arrow of the Chace" (vol. i., page 283), where the whole question of shadows and reflections on water is exhaustively discussed. With John Ruskin to support me, the whole army of sciolists may go to Jericho, by the way of Bath, Putney, Coventry, and Hong-Kong.

But do not theologians of an Ancient Faith tell us of a condition of the human mind, which they call Invincible Ignorance? Since I wrote last week about the dog and the reflection, I have culled from my shelves twelve editions of *Æsop's* fables, in half as many different languages; and in every one of them it is said that the dog saw his shadow. This blunder has been persisted in during I know not how many centuries, and I have no doubt that it will be persisted in during an indefinite number of centuries to come. Invincible Ignorance is twin brother to Prejudice; and no ancestral oak in these isles ever struck down longer and stronger roots than Ignorance and Prejudice do. When the world has made up its mind to be wrong, to attempt to set it right is to invite ridicule, obstinate misconception, and obloquy.

Sir Thomas Brassey having been made a Peer—an honour which he fully merits—and having elected that his title shall be Lord Brassey of Bulkeley, all the carpers and sneerers, the gibbers and jeerers, the spiteful people and the envious people, have been questioning the new Peer's right to assert his territorial connection with Bulkeley, or to let it be understood that his remotest ancestors came over to England with the Conqueror. Does it matter much? Is there any harm, if we really are of gentle blood, in occasionally reminding the world of our gentility; or, if we are not well born, in imagining that we are so? If I were a mule I should frequently and proudly allude to my mamma, the mare; but I should never mention my papa, the jackass. Whenever I hear anybody boasting about his or her long descent, I gravely remark that on the father's side my ancestors were Roman *gens*, whose names are to be found inscribed on the marble tables of the *Fasti Consulares* in the Capitol at Rome; that an ancestor of mine was Professor of Anatomy at the University of Padua, at the time when the illustrious Harvey was a student there, and that my family has given two Cardinals to the Church in Italy and one Grand Inquisitor to Spain. I am not quite certain myself about the accuracy of this pedigree; but the late James Hannay made it out for me, and was quite satisfied with it. On the other hand, I possess painfully unquestionable documentary evidence to prove that my great-grandmother danced on the tight-rope at the Carnival of Venice in the year 1763, and I am afraid that a great-uncle of mine kept a tripe-shop at Como during the Italian Viceroyalty of Eugene Beauharnais. As for Lord Brassey of Bulkeley (whom I heartily congratulate on his elevation to the Peerage, to which he will be an honour), I am only astonished at his moderation. Were the present writer—*absit omen*!—made a Lord, he would intimate darkly to his friends not only that he had an ancestor who came over with the Conqueror, but that he was the Conqueror himself. "Who was St. Leonard?" somebody once asked Shirley Brooks. "*I am*," promptly replied the sometime editor of *Punch*, and writer of "Nothing in the Papers" in this Journal. G. A. S.



## LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

The office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which is undertaken, in the new Conservative Government, by this active and powerful leader of the "Tory Democracy," means in politics a good deal more, but in the departmental work of the Treasury may happen to mean a good deal less, than the mere title of the Ministerial post would seem to imply. In the hands of a great fiscal reformer, or the author of a great change in our commercial policy, like the late Sir Robert Peel or Mr. Gladstone, it has occasionally become the most important agency for applying economic and financial principles of vast importance to the domestic affairs of the country. But in ordinary times, when the Budget is nothing beyond an official description of the various items of actual and estimated revenue, with the simplest possible adjustment of a prospective balance against contemplated expenditure, the work is that of head clerks, and the Minister can expect, by the skilled assistance at his command, to get through this part of his duties without exercising a special genius for new devices of taxation. The practice, however, of associating with the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, when the Prime Minister sits in the Upper House, the Ministerial Leadership of the House of Commons, renders the appointment of Lord Randolph Churchill, upon this occasion, an event of the highest political importance. The obvious necessity for such an arrangement is found in the continual occupation of the House of Commons, throughout the greater part of the Session, with indispensable business of Supply and of Ways and Means, to which all legislative work, and the allowance of time for debates, must be subordinated, if the Queen's Government is to be carried on, and to pay its way as it goes on; so that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the absence of the Prime Minister, is responsible for the general conduct of its proceedings in support of Government. He has therefore to encounter the full brunt of Opposition, to superintend the defence of every Ministerial Department, and to vindicate the general policy of the Cabinet, with an implied cognisance of all its acts and intentions, as the *alter ego* of the Premier; and thus Lord Randolph will be the political representative of Lord Salisbury in the Commons, while his share of authority in the Cabinet must needs be greater than that of any of his colleagues.

The Right Hon. Randolph Henry Spencer Churchill, born in 1849, younger son of the late Duke of Marlborough and brother of the present Duke, was educated at Merton College, Oxford, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1871, and that of M.A. in 1877. He married, in 1874, a daughter of Mr. Leonard Jerome, of New York. In that year he was elected M.P. for Woodstock, and seemed to be a follower of Mr. Disraeli; indeed, he subsequently appeared rather an imitator of Mr. Disraeli's earliest Parliamentary performances, especially when, after 1880, the Tories were in Opposition. Lord Beaconsfield had not given him office, but had made his father Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and the son rendered useful service at Dublin in 1879, in the work of raising charitable subscriptions and dispensing relief grants for the distressed peasantry, which was instituted by his mother, the Duchess of Marlborough, an Irish lady, daughter of the third Marquis of Londonderry. The political vocation of Lord Randolph in the House of Commons during Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, from 1880 to 1885, was of a very different character. As the recognised Conservative Leader was Sir Stafford Northcote, while Sir Richard Cross, Mr. W. H. Smith, and other politicians of old standing held secondary rank as ex-Ministers, a younger aspirant to distinction was induced to fight for his own hand. With three other members of the House, combining to attack and annoy the Ministry upon every possible occasion, regardless of the customary reserves and constitutional proprieties of the regular Opposition, he made himself in those years extremely conspicuous, minding Sir Stafford Northcote as much as Mr. Disraeli used to mind Sir Robert Peel in the time of the Melbourne Ministry. The Conservative Party, in its peculiar condition after the death of Lord Beaconsfield, was in no degree assisted but was greatly embarrassed and discredited by Lord Randolph's eccentric performances; his restlessness and violence were a constant scandal. It was not until the shock given to public feeling by the deplorable events in the Sudan, following the grievous disappointment of the Liberal conciliation policy in Ireland, had impaired popular confidence in Mr. Gladstone, that the Conservatives were enabled again to present themselves to the country as a party capable of assuming Ministerial responsibility. Lord Randolph, who had visited India in the preceding winter, became Secretary of State for India in the Government formed by Lord Salisbury last midsummer; but from the very small experience of Parliamentary business that fell to the lot of that Government, we cannot yet judge of his fitness to conduct Ministerial affairs in the House. We can only hope that he will, like Mr. Disraeli in 1852, when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, be quite a new character, and prove that he has tact, prudence, and discretion, with that just regard for personal claims and feelings, and for the courtesies and charities of public life among honourable gentlemen, of which the House of Commons, in former days, usually afforded the best example. If Lord Randolph Churchill has learnt this lesson, there are none of his political opponents who will grudge him the successful attainment of his cherished ambition, as there are none who deny him the possession of great talents, which he may henceforth exercise for the welfare of the nation. His Lordship was elected, last November, for the new metropolitan borough of South Paddington, by a majority of 1700, which he has increased at the recent election. He has enjoyed a holiday in Norway this summer, escaping some of the late turmoil.

Our Portrait of Lord Randolph Churchill is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The first meeting of the new Parliament, on the Fifth of August, was of exemplary brevity. On the motion of Sir E. Birkbeck, seconded by Mr. Gladstone, in good voice as Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Arthur Wellesley Peel was, for the third time appointed Speaker by acclamation, and was duly inducted by the hon. Baronet and the ex-Premier, who was in gay summer attire, and wore the usual flower in his button-hole. The new Conservative Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. W. L. Jackson, distinguished himself by making a commendably clear and sympathetic speech in congratulating the Speaker on his re-election, his timely reference to the late Sir Erskine May being especially felicitous. The Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain took their seats on the front Opposition bench, but aloof from Mr. Gladstone, Mr. John Morley, and Sir W. Harcourt. On the morrow the choice of Speaker was formally approved by Royal Commission in the Lords; and new writs for the re-election of Ministers were moved for in the Commons. The swearing-in of members was begun on the Friday, and continued on the Monday and Tuesday, when Parliament adjourned till the 19th inst., the date fixed for the reading of the Queen's Speech and the opening of the business proper of the Session. Ministers were on Wednesday entertained with accustomed hospitality at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

There is so much charity that is mischievous and demoralising to its recipients that this specially womanly branch of activity is apt to be disheartening. But it can never be mischievous to people to be helped to get what they have a perfect right to demand, but cannot hope to obtain without some outside assistance. Here is a splendid opportunity for charitable ladies to exercise their influence in that very manner. We are all travelling over the railways, more or less, at this season; and perhaps we hardly think sufficiently how entirely our safety depends on the men who work on the line in all its different departments. Their duty is a service of danger. In the course of last year, 546 men in the service of the railways of the United Kingdom were killed outright by accidents met with in the course of their duty, and 2319 others were injured. In the last eleven years, the terrible number of 32,000 railway servants have been killed or maimed while at work. Why, if some sudden accident destroyed one-fourth of this annual number at once, the sensation would be immense. Our gracious Queen would send a sympathising message, and all our souls would be harrowed with the pathos of such destruction of life. But because the poor fellows fall six or seven a day, in different parts of the country, and do not even get a few lines in a local newspaper except they are actually "sat upon" by the Coroner, we do not know or concern ourselves about the holocaust.

Nor do I call attention to it merely to make tender hearts sad, be it but for a few moments. There is something we can do to diminish the awful sum total. A very considerable percentage of the accidents occur in the course of coupling and uncoupling the carriages. This often has to be done in a very brief time. The porter or stoker stands on the line between the stationary carriage and the one which is coming to be attached to it; and the instant the buffers touch, he must twist the heavy couplings together, or the shock will simply cause the stationary part of the train to bound away along the line. It is obvious how likely it is that the man may get knocked by one of the buffers, or thrown down by the front of the carriage; and in fact a very large proportion of the accidents occur in the performance of this duty. Human ingenuity has been quite equal to the occasion. There are several automatic couplings patented, and a trial of these was lately held by competent men, who adjudged some of them to answer the purpose for which they were designed. But only the pioneer in many railroad reforms, the Midland, has yet taken any of these into practical use. Of course, the change would cost money. But, oh! ladies who are shareholders in railway companies, do you like to think that ten shillings in each five pounds of your last dividend has been secured to you by the needless death of a strong young man? Would you not give up some of your next dividend to stay the slaughter of your servants? Here is a chance for true charity. Let the lady shareholders in all the railways of the kingdom press their directors to try the automatic couplings, and save alive hundreds of men who else are doomed to die or be maimed.

A correspondent, signing herself "G.'s Fiancée," asks me "What is the marriage ceremony at the registry-office?" It is bald, bare, and brief; but still I think it is prettier than the Church service, which, in its obtrusion first of the lowest view of the marriage relation, and next of the subjection of the wife to the husband, seems to me to justify the attacks which the Prayer-Book Revision Society make upon it. The Hon. and Rev. E. V. Bligh, the chairman of that society, remarks:—"The coarse and indelicate opening exhortation to the office for the solemnisation of matrimony has been a source of pain and grief to thousands." There is a letter extant written by the Marchioness of Lansdowne of the time of our Queen's marriage, and giving an account of that important ceremony. The Marchioness complains that the Archbishop did not "Bowdlerise" the service, but gave the Queen and her bridegroom the whole of it, "which was very disagreeable," says her Ladyship, "and when one looked at all the young things who were listening, most distressing. However, *he mumbles a good deal*." It is droll enough to hear that the service for such an occasion is of a character to make a Marchioness thankful that an Archbishop cannot speak plainly. But my readers may be surprised to hear that it is really a recognised practice with the fashionable clergy to spare aristocratic brides and bridesmaids parts of the rubric. I heard this done when Lady Constance Milles was standing at the altar at St. George's, Hanover-square, attended by eight bridesmaids, seven of whom bore titles. Another wedding immediately followed, and was performed by the same clergy; but the bride and her maids were only plain "Misses," and every word of the service was read. I have just learned that omissions were made at the wedding of Lady E. Campbell last Tuesday, in Westminster Abbey. It is surely time that a rubric should be changed officially when a custom has grown up of making distinctions of rank in its use in this fashion.

But there are doubtless some people now-a-days who look upon the Prayer-Book as an inspired volume, no more to be tampered with than Holy Writ itself. There was a good High Church clergyman, who held this view in the days of Charles II., one Dr. Swindlin, a sermon by whom on the subject reposes in a fat little tome in our National Library. Curiously enough, Dr. Swindlin found internal evidence of inspiration in this very service. In the Prayer of Blessing, the newly-wedded couple are compared to Isaac and Rebecca. Dr. Swindlin points out that Isaac was the only patriarch who had but one wife; so that the choice of any other of them would have appeared to countenance polygamy; but this distinction he considers too fine to have been originated by the authors of the Prayer-Book without the aid of special inspiration; therefore, Q.E.D. Till the objections of Dr. Swindlin's modern co-believers are removed, and the Prayer-Book is revised in accordance with the customs of speech and thought of our time, I must think it not surprising that the registry-office marriage gains in favour, as it does, year by year.

Some of the populace make a queer hash of their vow at church. I know of one agricultural parish where (in the pre-School Board age) it had somehow, under an aged indifferent parson, become customary to say "snicketty sneath" for "in sickness and in health," and to end the formula with "and therefore I thee this my thou." It is hard to say what meaning this oath possessed to the bridal couples; but they were well satisfied with it. I told this tale quite recently to an East-End clergyman, and he said that even now he finds that many of the men persist in stating that they will have and hold their brides "from this day fortnit." "The women," added he, "are much more sensible than the men about it." A little while after hearing this anecdote of present day customs, I chanced, in a newspaper fifty years old, upon the following paragraph:—"A marriage recently took place at Garthorne, Leicestershire, between John Smith and Jane Lamb. The bridegroom could not be got to say otherwise than that he would marry 'from this day fortnight.' The service was allowed to proceed, and, extraordinary to relate, he died at the expiration of the fortnight." I do not care about that o'er impressive termination, but it is interesting to know that "from this day fortnit" is really traditional with the populace. I must answer "G.'s Fiancée" next week. F. F. M.

## THUN, SWITZERLAND.

At the foot of the Bernese Alps, at a short distance from the cities of Berne, to the north-west, and Lucerne, to the north-east, lie the twin lakes of Thun and Brienz, between which is that favourite rendezvous of tourists and visitors to Switzerland, Interlachen, thus named from its situation. At the western extremity of the Lake of Thun, where the River Aar flows out of it, as the Rhone flows out of the Lake of Geneva and the Rhine out of the Lake of Constance, is the pleasant chief town of the Bernese Oberland, twenty miles from the capital city. Thun is a place of importance in the Swiss Confederation, being the head-quarters of the Military School of Artillery and Engineers, and the gateway to the Alpine region; it has also a fair amount of district trade. The situation commands, from the terrace of the churchyard, or from the Pavillon St. Jacques in the Bellevue grounds, most interesting views of Western Switzerland; you may look across the blue waters of the lake, and over the strip of orchards and vineyards on its shores, up the rising highlands beyond, with their successive growths of oak-forests, pine-forests, and bright green upland pastures, to the bare rocky sides of the higher mountains, and to their loftier shoulders and crests, gleaming with perpetual snows, till the peaks of the superior Alpine summits, the Mönch, the Eiger, and the Jungfrau, start forth against the deep azure sky above. Such is the view to the south, inviting the lover of romantic scenery to journey on through the Simmenthal, or by Kandersteg and the Gemmi pass, to become more nearly acquainted with the Bernese Alps, whose majestic beauties are celebrated among the nations of Europe. But the immediate vicinity of Thun has the charms of rich lowland landscape, with green hills of gentler outline, woodlands, and verdant meadows, picturesque villages, and old towers and castles, and many bright streams and rivers hastening to the Lake, which is about as long as Windermere and twice as broad. The walks or rides to Haldenegg or Goldswyl, by the Kohleren ravine, to Blumenstein and the heights of Gurnigel, at an elevation of 5000 ft., to the castle of Spiez, on the shore of the lake, or up the smiling vale of the Simme, adorned with endless orchards of pear-trees and walnuts, guarded at its entrance by the rock-pyramid of the Niesen, are truly delightful. The town itself is quaintly interesting, with its old-fashioned houses, built like those of the "Rows" at Chester, with projecting basements, and a footway above to which the shops are open; and there is an old fifteenth-century Castle of the Kyburgs, the feudal Lords of Zähringen, who once ruled over Thun. The steam-boat voyage up the Lake, towards Interlachen, affords a sight of many beautiful scenes, and is one of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the tour of Switzerland. The Canton of Berne, to those who feel an interest in the political and social condition of the Swiss nation, is perhaps the most agreeable part of that country, exhibiting the fairest fruits of freedom in the common life of a prudent and industrious people.

## INNSBRÜCK.

The yearly moving crowd of travellers—Americans, English, and others—passes through Switzerland to Italy, but they might well turn aside to sojourn in the Tyrol, which is, in some respects, the most interesting country on the Continent of Europe. The whole territory is one mountain fastness, presenting all the most attractive features of the Alpine region in grand and romantic scenery, and in objects for the study of science; while the people are not less interesting in character, history, manners, and costume. These remarks especially apply to Innsbruck and its neighbourhood. To give an idea of the situation of Innsbruck, let us place ourselves, in fancy, on the balcony of the Schloss and Pension Weierburg, a former hunting-lodge of the Emperor Maximilian in the sixteenth century; or of the charming Villa Blanca; both situated on an eminence, above the river Inn, to the north of the town. At our feet lies the valley, green with diverse crops in summer; at one side is the neat and picturesque city, with many churches and towers from which the musical bells sound sweetly in the ear, while the rapid Inn sweeps before us in many windings, passing the ancient walls of Hall, still a great emporium for salt, found largely in the neighbouring Salzberg. Around us rise the grand masses and peaks of the Tyrolse Alps; behind us the great Sollstein and Brand-Joch, belonging to a limestone secondary chain, 10,000 ft. above the sea, bracing the cold north winds in winter; while fronting us is the principal mass of the primitive rocks, with the Nock-Spitze, the Waldrast-Spitze, the Patscher-Kofel, and other summits, which are of most picturesque shapes. Nothing can be more magical than the general effect of this scenery by moonlight, or at sunset, with the silvery Inn shining in the foreground, or with the clear bright sky, against which the snowy and rocky peaks stand out in sharply defined relief. Below, and fronting us, is the Mittelgebirg, the lower intermediate wooded range of hills, over which the Brenner Route winds its way, the whole vicinity offering an endless variety of delightful excursions.

It will be evident from this rapid glance that Innsbruck is in an exceptionally good situation for scenery and for health. It stands nearly 2000 ft. above the sea, sheltered from the north, and to a great extent from the east, but partially open to the south. The entire Innthal (Upper and Lower) is full of the finest scenery, affording a variety of points of interest and places for excursions, scarcely equalled in any other Alpine valley; while as a winter residence Innsbruck has many of the advantages of the Engadine in the matter of climate, besides the resources of a capital city and a University, which the Engadine does not possess. In December and January it is generally free from wind, with cold, dry, bright, delightful days, and often with splendid moonlight nights. Fifty years' observations of the climate have determined the following results:—The mean annual temperature is 7 deg. 4 min. (Réaumur); in spring it is 8.058, in summer 14.638, in autumn 8.024, and in winter 0.887. The greatest heat is usually about July 21, the greatest winter cold about Jan. 15. The average number of dry days in the year is 239; of wet, 128; of windy, 60. The climate is generally moderate; epidemics are unknown.

In facility of access, Innsbruck is now much more highly favoured than the Engadine. It can be reached from London by a run of thirty-two hours, through Calais, Basle, Zurich; and by the Arlberg line, with its great tunnel and splendid mountain scenery (fare, £5, second class). From Paris it is a journey of twenty-four hours. By the route of Flushing, Cologne, Mayence, and Munich, it can be reached in thirty-six hours, fare, about £5 8s., second class. From Innsbruck, by the Brenner rail, Venice can be reached in sixteen hours, fare, 21s., second class; and Florence in eighteen hours (30s., second class). Vienna is reached in ten hours.

Innsbruck has many advantages as a residence both in summer and winter. Though the old town consists mostly of narrow streets, often with arcades ("Unter den Lauben"), reminding us of our approach to Italy, the new town, particularly in the Museum-strasse, the Landhaus-strasse, and the Margarethen-platz, is composed of excellent, substantial, and



## HOLIDAY RESORTS ON THE CONTINENT.

handsome houses in the modern style; and those streets, with the older Marie Theresien-strasse, are all wide, sunny and airy. There is no lack of amusement at Innsbrück, which has a fair and very cheap theatre, open from November till June; frequent concerts and balls in winter; an excellent skating-rink by the Inn, made perfectly safe, and provided with dressing-rooms and all comforts; opportunities for sledging, a favourite amusement with the natives; and in summer continual shooting-matches for prizes at various Schiessstände, where some of the best rifle-shooting in Europe can be witnessed. The finest exhibition of this national pastime was presented in August, 1885, when the Emperor visited the handsomely decorated Schiessplatz of the Bundes-Schiessen or Federal shooting-match, and 12,000 of the best shots in the Tyrol marched past him and through the town, a splendid display of mountaineer strength, carrying the old tattered flags borne bravely in the fierce French wars, and making the walls of the town resound with their hearty Juchzens or Tyrolese shouts. There are excellent baths by the Inn in summer, and very superior warm baths in the town. The very interesting specimens of the art of the Tyrolese people in wood-cutting are a great attraction to visitors, and can be studied with advantage, especially at the Kunst-Gewerb-Ausstellung, or Exhibition of Industrial Art. Most excellent military music, probably the best in Europe, can be heard in the Hof-Garten and at Berg Isel, several times in the week in summer. A new Concert Hall, in the Kursaal, which includes concert, ball, and reading rooms, and restaurant, is being erected close to the Hof-garten and the University. The city of Innsbrück offers, further, remarkable advantages for education. First, there is the

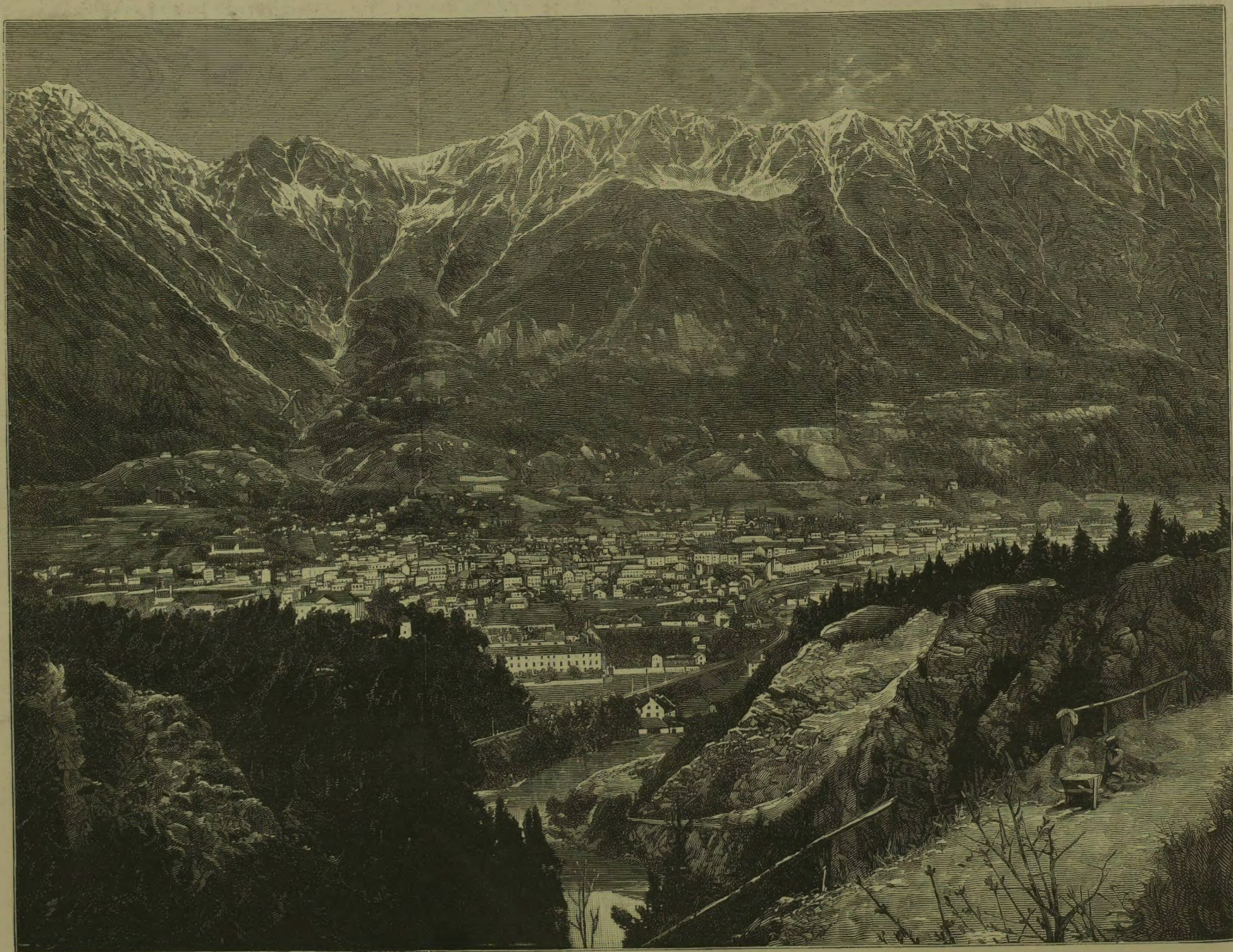


THUN, SWITZERLAND.

University, attended by about six hundred students, and with a Medical School noted for having one of the best clinical departments in Europe. It has several distinguished professors, one of whom, Professor Schöpfer, is author of a botanical treatise on the flora of the Inn valley. Connected with the University is the Gymnasium, where a sound education can be obtained at a very moderate expense. The Industrial Art School is of a superior order, established on the excellent footing now generally introduced in Austria, and conducted by eminent professors, paid by the State. The fee for attendance is ridiculously small, amounting to about a couple of florins a year. Attached to this school is the Industrial Art Exhibition, giving practical

summate skill and feeling. The University library, containing upwards of 50,000 volumes, is open, with its reading-room, to any resident who presents his card, and who is known to some respectable inhabitant. The librarian is a most courteous person, offering every assistance; and a liberal allowance of books is granted, to be taken home, on filling up a form. To this summary view of the natural and social resources of Innsbrück, it may be added, for the information of active sportsmen, that from November till February there are excellent opportunities of chamois-hunting, especially in the district of the Solstein, above Zirl. Trout-fishing and other fishing can be had in many of the streams in the neighbourhood, and on the Achen See.

illustrations of all the branches taught. This town of Innsbrück has also a very good art manufacture of glass, mosaic work, and painting on glass; an efficient music school, under competent masters, and excellent opportunities for learning drawing and painting in all branches; besides numerous private masters for all the elements of learning for both sexes. The Ferdinandeum, or Museum, in the Museumstrasse, contains many interesting local curiosities, including Roman antiquities, geological specimens of the Tyrol, Defrezze's paintings of the heroic national struggle of the Tyrolese against the French, and other objects of local interest. Further, there is a Botanic Garden, with interesting specimens of the flora of the Tyrol. Frequent zither or guitar concerts are announced, especially in winter, when opportunities are had of hearing masterly performances on this now fashionable and charming instrument, with the touching and rousing Tyrolese national songs. The zither is also taught for very moderate charges, particularly by a lady, who plays it with con-



INNSBRÜCK, TYROL.





DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

She suddenly broke from her father, pushed the crowd away to right and left, and fell on her knees upon the muddy ground, catching the man by both his hands.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." BY WALTER BESANT.



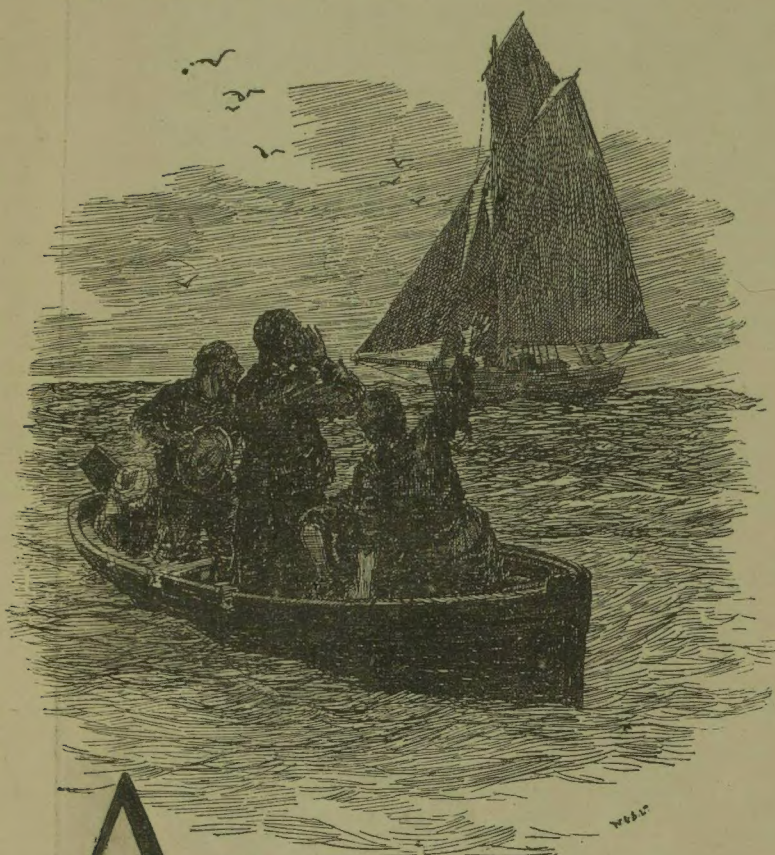
## THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"  
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBBON," ETC.

## CHAPTER X.

## HOW JACK CAME HOME AGAIN.



AND now I have to tell how Jack was joyfully restored to us. It was in sorry plight, and after many disasters and sore privations, which killed his companions, but left him—to look upon—none the worse, when he came back to good food and decent clothes again. I think that no one had ever a more wonderful story to tell, and yet there was never a worse hand at telling his adventures. Lucky it was for Ulysses, and for Æneas, that they found poets to sing their sufferings and their wanderings, for, I daresay, the former, at least, would have made a poor hand at telling them himself. A greater than Ulysses was here; and no one, until now, has ever told, save imperfectly, the story of his voyage. It will never be narrated as it ought to be, movingly, and to the life; and the sailing of the Countess of Dorset among the Pacific Islands, and the discoveries which she made, and the dreadful calamities which befel the ship and the crew will no more be remembered than if she had been some poor and insignificant collier, cast away, with her crew of half a dozen men and a boy, on the Goodwin Sands.

It is also a strange circumstance that his life should have been saved by the man who, man and boy, was his steady and constant enemy. Nay, as you will see in the sequel, his life was once more saved by the same hand—a thing which clearly shows the hand of Providence, if it were only designed in mercy as a rebuke to the man who desired and even endeavoured to compass the death of his enemy and rival. Yet I never heard tell that Aaron Fletcher repented of the hatred which he always bore to Jack.

One night in the month of September, and the year seven-and-twenty hundred and fifty-six—a dark and cloudy night, the stars hidden and no moon, a light breeze flying, but only in puffs, and hardly enough to fill the canvas, and a soft and soaking rain falling—a small vessel, rigged with fore-sail, sprit-sail, main-sail, and top-sail, was slowly making her way across the German Ocean. Her name was the Willing Mind, of Sheerness; she was manned by a crew of five, two more than are generally taken on board a fishing craft of her dimensions. Of these men, the skipper sat in the stern, the ropes in his hand, two were lying asleep beside the skipper, covered with a tarpaulin, and two were in the bows keeping watch. She carried no light, but she was sailing well north of the track of outward-bound vessels, and was by this time too close to the Essex coast to fear being run down by colliers. Perhaps the watch was on the look-out for lights on the coast, or for a King's revenue cutter, of which there are many along the east coast, and they greatly molest this kind of craft, overhauling them suspiciously, and searching for brandy and the like, impressing the honest fishermen on board, and sometimes even imprisoning them, haling them before a magistrate, and bringing them to trial; and even, if they show much resistance, hanging them; and by their very appearance always obliging the crew to throw overboard, if they have time, the whole of their cargo. It generally consists of a strange kind of fish, in the shape of kegs, ranlets, and jars, with bungs and corks in their mouths. Perhaps the Willing Mind showed no light because the skipper and his crew dreaded being captured by a French privateer; for we were again at war with France, and the Channel was crowded with these hornets, though, as a rule, they hardly ventured north of the Goodwin Sands, or off the Nore.

The boat slipped through the water slowly and silently, save for a gentle ripple in the bows. There was little way on her, but she kept moving.

"I take it," said the skipper, grumbling, "that it is already past midnight; we ought to have made Shoeburyness by now. In three hours it will be daylight, and perhaps the dogs upon us—with such a cargo!"

"The breeze will freshen with the dawn, Master," said one of the men in the bow.

"And then it may be too late. And we haven't had such a cargo for a twelvemonth. What is that off the starboard bow?"

"It looks like a buoy. But it can't be a buoy!" It was a black object, indistinct as yet, but they were nearing it. Presently, a hoarse cry of "Sail ahoy!" came across the water. It was repeated twice.

"It is a boat, with four men in her," said the watch, making her out. "A little dingy she is. Now, what the plague is she doing out here?"

"Sail ahoy!" came across the water again. And now they could distinguish the figures of three or four men standing up in the boat.

The skipper cursed and swore, and put up his helm. "Sail ahoy! for Jesus' sake! We are sinking!" cried the men.

The skipper cursed and swore again, louder and deeper; but he altered his course, and bore down upon the boat.

There were five men in her, but one of them lay in the stern with his head upon his arms, motionless. The boat had neither oars, mast, or sails; she was half full of water, and the men were baling her with their hats.

"For God's sake, take us aboard!" they cried. "It is as much as we can do to keep afloat, and we are starving!"

"Who are you?" asked the skipper. "We have broke from a French prison," they told him; "and four days out, and nothing to eat."

Still the skipper hesitated. "Cap'en," said one of the men, "we can guess, pretty easy, who you are, and what is your business. That is nothing to us. Take us on board. You shan't regret it. Only take us on board and give us something to eat, and set us ashore on English soil; and if you were laden with all the brandy there is in the world, you should never be sorry for coming to our help."

The skipper cursed them again for interrupting his run. But it would have been the most shocking inhumanity to refuse; therefore, with a bad grace, and sulkily, he ordered them to get on board as quickly as they could. This they did; but they had to help the man in the stern, because he had got an open wound in his head and had lost much blood, besides being nearly starved. So they lifted him in and laid him on a tarpaulin, and cast off their crazy little boat, and the smack went on her course again.

Then the skipper, who was not wanting in generosity, though he cursed them for stopping him, pulled out of the locker such provisions as might be expected in such a craft—consisting only of bread, mouldy Dutch cheese, and so on. But, Lord! if these had been the greatest dainties ever set before an Alderman the men could not have devoured the food more greedily; even the wounded man lifting

his head and eating ravenously. When there was nothing at all left to be eaten, the skipper passed round a bottle of brandy and a pannikin, which were received with heartfelt gratitude too deep for power of speech. For cold and starving men bread and cheese and onions make a banquet, but brandy in addition—oh! 'twas too much!

When they had eaten up everything, therefore, and drunk as much brandy as their rescuer would give them, they began, as sailors will, through a spokesman, to relate their story. Everybody knows, that at the outbreak of the war the French fleet put so many privateers to sea, and we had so few, that there was nothing but the capture of English merchantmen going up and down the Channel, and the French prisons were soon choked with poor devils laid up by the heels, and waiting for a general exchange, or for the close of the war, to be released. Three of the men had been taken by a privateer out of a West Indian, and conveyed with others up the country to a place called St. Omer, which is a fortified town some twenty miles from Dunquerque, and about the same distance from Calais, and were then clapped into prison in the citadel, or the barracks, or the town jail, I know not which. Wherever it was, they found there, among the other prisoners, the man who lay wounded on the tarpaulin, not able to sit up, and saying nothing. And he it was, they said, who had devised the plan of their escape. There were a dozen more who were in the plot, and should have made the attempt, but at the last moment they lost heart, as always happens in an adventure so desperate, and remained behind. As things turned out, it was lucky that there were no more of them, because there was certainly no room for any more in their rickety little boat.

I do not rightly understand how the escape was effected, because in the subject of fortifications I am ignorant, though Jack hath often endeavoured to explain to me the nature of scarp, counterscarp, bastion, and so forth. However, they surmounted all these difficulties, and in the dead of night they found themselves on the right side of the ramparts—that is, on the outside—and with open country all round them. Then, steering by the stars, they made due north. Before they got half way on their journey they were surprised by dawn, and forced to seek a hiding-place, which they found in a wood or coppice beside a river, where the shelter was good, though the lying was wet and swampy. Here they stayed all day, with nothing to eat except a few berries, then happily ripe. At nightfall they started again, and, as they judged, soon after midnight found themselves on a sandy coast somewhere between Calais and Dunquerque, near a place called Gravelines. But there was no boat on this open and deserted coast, and they wandered up and down for a long time seeking for one, and fearing lest they might again have to seek a night's shelter. When, at last, they found one, it was hauled up high and dry on the sand. This would have mattered little; but, unluckily, her owner, or a man who behaved like her owner, was sleeping on the sand beside her. There was no choice, but they must needs have her, and while they dragged her down to the sea, the Frenchman woke up, and perceiving that he was being robbed of his boat, he lunged out a knife and made at them, and, before he could be fairly knocked on the head, gave their leader a desperate cut across the face, from which he lost a great deal of blood, and was much weakened. They got him safely into the boat, however, though he was fainting from the wound, and so put to sea, and hoped to be able to row across the Channel, if they should have the good luck to 'scape the privateers, and make the port of Dover, in eight or ten hours; or, perhaps, they might be picked up by some English ship, if they were lucky. They had neither mast nor sail in the boat, and there were no provisions in it of any kind. Also, as they quickly discovered, she very soon sprung a leak, and had to be baled out continually. They rowed on, however, taking turns, for three or four hours. Then a most unfortunate thing happened. For, while two of them were rowing lustily, in their eagerness to lose no time, and to get across and land on English soil again, and the oars being not only small but old and rotten, they both snapped short off, close to the rowlock, at the same time. This accident dashed all their hopes, for, though they tore up two of the boat's planks, thinking to row with them, it was slow work; then they tried to make a sail with a shirt and one of these planks, there being a light breeze from the south-west, and they got, as they supposed, into the current. They were carried, certainly, as they discovered at daybreak,

out of sight of the French coast, but also, which was another misfortune, outside the track of ships, and so, though they saw many sail in the distance, they passed none near enough to be picked up, and in this miserable condition tossed and drifted for four days and four nights, and were now well-nigh spent, and the leak in the boat growing every moment worse, so that she threatened to fill with water and to sink under them unless they baled continually.

"It's easy guessing," they repeated, after they had told their story, "what you've got on board: that's no concern of ours. Only you put us ashore. Without making bold to inquire further, tell us where we are, and how far from shore."

"As to where we are," said the skipper, "the night is dark, and I don't rightly know. But to the best of my guessing, we are not far from Shoeburyness, which should lay right ahead; but the shore is low, and difficult to make out."

"Mate," said the spokesman, "land us as far from any port as you can. I guess the press is hot up the river."

The skipper said that there was a very hot press; that as to himself, he was going to land at Shoeburyness, where he could put them ashore, and they could then shift for themselves, and make their way inland, if so be they had friends anywhere.

"As for this poor fellow," said the man, pointing to the one who was lying down, "he says he's an officer, though he doesn't look like one in those rags of his. So he's got nothing to fear from a press. Don't put him ashore, skipper. Take him to some place where he will get his wound dressed. If what he says is true, he will be able to pay you for the service."

"I will take him," said the skipper, "to Gravesend. That is all I can do for him. After that, he must shift for himself."

Shortly after this, and before daybreak, they made the land between the village of Southend and Shoeburyness. Here they landed the four men, who, with many vows of gratitude, expressed in sailor-like fashion—namely, with appeals to the Divine Power to blast them and sink them if they ever forgot this service—quickly vanished inland. It matters nothing what became of these poor fellows; but intelligence came from Maldon, shortly afterwards, that a gang of four men, dressed like sailors, had been apprehended stealing a sheep. They made a desperate fight, and one of the posse comitatus was dangerously wounded. In the end, they were overpowered, and taken to Chelmsford Jail, where, in due course, they were all hanged. If these were the men landed from the Willing Mind, the poor wretches had better have remained in their prison at St. Omer, where, at least, they were living a life of innocence, although half-starved with their meagre soup and sour bread. But perhaps the men who were hanged were another gang.

Now, as regards the cargo of the Willing Mind—I mean that load of fish, all with corks and bungs in their mouths—it would be a shame for me to disclose where it was landed, and by whom it was received, though one may know very well. I am not a spy and an informer; the revenue officers may find out for themselves the secrets of the trade which they have to stop, if they can. I say not whether it is such a trade as a person of tender conscience may undertake; but, at least, this much may be said for it—that those who practise it know beforehand the risks they run, and the punishment which awaits them if they are captured.

Enough to say, that the landing was successful, and that about noon that day the Willing Mind, now in ballast, was running up the Thames with full sail, wind and tide favourable, bound for Gravesend; and the wounded man was so far recovered, that he was now sitting up and looking about him. He was a wild creature to look at, being, to begin with, horribly thin, as if he had had no food for months; he had suffered his beard to grow, and it now covered his whole face, so that he looked like a Turk, with his hair long and uncombed; his head was bound up with a dirty and bloody clout, which hid one eye; there was blood upon his cheek. Presently, while he looked about him with lack-lustre gaze, the pain of his wound being great, his eye fell upon the skipper, and he started and became suddenly alive and alert.

"Aaron Fletcher, by the Lord!" he cried.

"That is my name," replied the skipper. "I am not ashamed of it. But I don't know you, mate."

"You have forgotten me, Aaron. If you had known me, you would have been all the more anxious to save my life. Of that I am well assured. We should have founded in five minutes. As for me, I cared nothing whether we sank or swam. All is one to a starving man. Give me another tot of brandy, Aaron. Don't you recognise me now?"

"Man! I never clapped eyes on you before to my knowledge. But since you know my name, and therefore, likely, where I live, so that you might do mischief, let me tell you"—here he insisted or emphasised the assurance by a dozen or two of round oaths, such as he and his kind have always ready to hand for all purposes—"that if you are going to turn informer, after all you have seen, it would be better for you if we had thrown you overboard at once with a shot to your heels. One or other of us, my lad, will have your blood."

The other men of the crew murmured approval of this sentiment with additions of their own invention, about cutting the weasand, breaking bones and limbs, gouging out eyes, and so forth.

"The same old Aaron," said the man. "Why, you have not changed, save that you are stouter and bigger. The same sweet and unsuspicious temper. I wonder if there is another such treat in store for us both as we had when last we met?"

"Who the devil are you?" asked Aaron, staring, partly because the man knew him, and because so ragged a fellow should talk with such boldness. But as yet quite unsuspecting.

"That, my friend, if you cannot guess, I shall not tell you. As for your kegs, fear not. I care nothing where they were bestowed nor to whom they were consigned, nor where they came from. So far as I am concerned, you are safe. Besides, you have saved my life. This cut in the head, d'ye see, cost me so much blood that I do not think I could have endured another night of starvation. Why, man, I have had to live for weeks with nothing but a taste now and again, when the chance came, of putrid seal or rotten fish! I'm downright tired of starving."

"Who are you, then?" Aaron looked at him hard, but could make nothing of him.

Yet it was strange that he did not begin to suspect. This, I take it, was because, like everybody else, he had quite made up his mind that Jack was long since dead, and so he was gone clean out of his mind. This is so, when a man is dead. His face goes out of our mind because we never think to meet him again.

"Well," he said at length, "it don't signify a button who you are. You've got nothing against me, even should you lay information. But you're down on your luck, whoever you be. And you've the cut of a sailor about you. Wherefore, mate, take my advice and keep well in shore, for the press is hot all the way from Margate to Chelsea, and, wounded or not, they'll have you if they can, and three dozen or more for skulking, if you are not fit for duty in four-and-twenty hours."

"Thank you, Aaron," the man replied, and so lay down again and went to sleep. But Aaron kept looking at him, uneasy, yet not able to remember him.



So they made their way to Gravesend, and arrived off that port in the afternoon.

"I thank you, Aaron," said the passenger, waking up, and getting to his feet. "The food and the brandy and the sleep have set me up again. I believe I shall be able to walk the rest of the journey. One more favour, Aaron. After saving my life, it is a small thing for you to do. I am without a single penny. Lend me a shilling, which I will bring myself to the boat-house, and repay you when you come home. You don't know me, Aaron! Why, man, how goes the boat-building?"

Aaron produced the money, still staring with all his eyes, as the children say.

"A shilling, Aaron, is not much. If it was six years ago, I should say we would fight for it." So he dashed back the hair that hung about his face, and looked Aaron full in the face, with a laugh.

"Good Lord!" cried Aaron. "It's Jack Easterbrook!"

"Mr. Easterbrook, ye dog. I am in rags, but I am a King's officer still, and you are nothing but a common smuggler."

"It's Mr. Jack Easterbrook," Aaron repeated. "He's come back again!"

"As for this shilling, Aaron, shall we fight for it now?"

"But—Oh, Lord! How in the world did you get in such rags as this? And where's the Countess of Dorset?"

"As for the rags, where I got them was in the Isle of Chiloe, off the Patagonian coast, and if I had not got them I should have come home as naked as Adam in his innocence. And as for the Countess of Dorset, her timbers are where I got my rags, on the coast of South America, and her crew are mostly beside her timbers, such parts of them, that is, as the crabs have not been able to devour."

"Oh, Lord!" Aaron gazed as if at a ghost, and could say no more.

"Do they think me dead, Aaron?"

"All of them; except, I'm told, Mr. Brinjes."

"Oh! and the Admiral?"

"It isn't for the likes of me to know what his honour thinks, Sir," said Aaron. "But he's been going heavy for a good time past, and they do say as how he frets more than a bit about your drowning."

Jack was silent for a bit.

"And Bess Westmoreland?" he asked.

"What has she got to think about you for? You are a gentleman, though in rags at this present moment. As for Bess, she is but the daughter of a Penman. She belongs to the likes of us, not to gentleman officers."

"She must be grown a big girl now. Well, Aaron, and Mr. Brinjes?"

"He's a devil. He's worse than ever. He gave Lance Pegg, of Anchor-alley, the rheumatics last week, and threatens her with worse for rope's-endin' that girl of hers. He's a devil! and never a day older since your honour went away."

"So, Aaron, you have saved my life, though you did not intend it. Yet I take it kindly. I do not think you would have suffered your old townsman and your old crony, whom you used to fight whenever you met him, to drown, if you had known who was in the boat."

"I would not, Sir," said Aaron, stoutly. "Yet, to tell the truth, I'd as lief you were at the bottom of the sea, in Davy's locker, where we all thought you were, and where you ought to be by rights, your ship and the crew all being there except you."

"Give me thy hand, Aaron."

So they shook hands.

"As for the shilling, Sir," said Aaron; "let me make it a guinea, and if your honour will let me pay for a decent suit of clothes, or shoes, at least!"

"Nay, Aaron. As you found me, so shall they find me. The shilling will be enough to pay for all I want; and I have gone so long barefooted that my feet are as hard as leather, and feel not the road. As for the shilling, we will, perhaps, fight for it. But not yet. You would not, I am sure, being an honourable man, wish me to fight until I have recovered my strength. Farewell, Aaron."

So he stepped ashore, and with such lightness of step as reminded Aaron of the old days when Jack stepped down the street in his midshipman's uniform, free and careless. He was light of step because of the joy of returning home, yet he was still somewhat dizzy and weak. However, he had a shilling to pay for supper, and he had but twenty miles to walk, or thereabouts. A short distance for those who are strong and well, but a long journey to be done on foot by a man with an open wound on his forehead, and half starved to boot, so that it is not surprising that he did not reach Deptford till noon next day. The next day was Sunday.

At half-past twelve, the Vicar of St. Paul's finished a most learned discourse upon certain philosophical systems of the Phœnicians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, and the Egyptians, deducing Christian truths, by the method known as analogy, from each. Castilla, I remember, sat with folded hands, and eyes fixed upon the preacher, as if she understood every word. And the Admiral slept. The poorer part of the congregation behaved after their kind; that is to say, the men slept, the women sat perfectly still, and the boys fidgeted. When one became too noisy, he was taken out by the beadle and caned in the churchyard among the tombs, the other boys all listening, and counting the strokes, as if the number administered was in itself a fine moral lesson (the same thing may be observed both in the Army and the Navy). When I read that the Papists attach a particular merit to mere attendance or presence during the performance of their mass, I cannot but think that the same indulgence might be extended to our poor ignorant rustics and servants for their patient attendance at the sermons of which they understand nothing.

When morning service was ended, the Vicar came down from the pulpit and walked into the vestry, preceded by the beadle, carrying his stick of office, and followed by the clerk. Then the people all stood up in respect to the Quality, who led the way out of the church. First there walked down the aisle the Admiral, his wig that morning combed, curled, and powdered, and with him his lady in hoop and satin, and his daughter Castilla in hoop and sarsnet, very beautiful to behold. After them came Mr. Pett, the shipbuilder, with his wife and family; Mr. Underhill, the retired purser, who was a bachelor; Mr. Mostyn, the Cocket-writer of the Customs; Mr. Shelvoke with his family, and others who lived in the genteel houses beside the Bridge; and with them I walked down the aisle, though only a painter, and an apprentice at that. When we had passed down the aisle, and conversed for a few minutes standing on the great stone terrace which makes St. Paul's Church so stately, we separated, some taking the pathway through the churchyard to the right into Church-lane, and others to the left into Bridge-street. I walked beside Castilla, who carried her Book of Common Prayer and was silent, doubtless meditating on the spiritual truths of the Vicar's sermon. Behind us came three out of the Admiral's four negroes, and Philadelphia, splendid in her red silk handkerchief and a blue speckled frock. And after us came the common sort flocking out together, the boys, for their part, glad that the sermon was finished, and all of them

longing for the Sunday's beef and pudding. The poor do certainly exercise the virtue of patience more than the rich, especially at a sermon, of which, when a learned Divine, like my father, preaches it, they can understand not one word. So that one may forgive them for the unrestrained joy which, on every Sunday, the faces in the side aisles manifest at the conclusion of the discourse, not only of the boys and girls, but of the grown-up people as well. Among those who followed after the better sort were Mr. Westmoreland, the Penman, and his daughter—he bent and feeble, round-shouldered and meek, leaning on his stick; and by his side, Bess, tall and upright as a lance, dressed somewhat finer than those of her condition are wont to go, and holding her head in the air as if she was a Queen. Strange that her father should be so meek and humble, and that no learning of the Catechism could teach Bess meekness or humility. There is, I now understand, a certain quality in beauty which prevents its owner from lowliness, however humble be her station. The young fellows looked after Bess as she came forth from the church; but she regarded them with proud eyes, and passed on disdainful, as if she was too high and good for any of them. Therefore they followed after the other girls, who were as willing as Bess was proud, and perhaps, in these honest fellows' eyes, not much less beautiful.

Just opposite the churchyard-gate, close to the principal entrance of Trinity Hospital, we observed, as we passed into Church-lane and turned to the right, a fellow leaning against the posts. He was tall and big-limbed, but thin and wasted, as if he had been suffering from some disease or dreadful privations. One could very well see that he was a sailor, though in his dress, such as it was, there was little to show it. He wore a common sailor's petticoat or slops, he had a ragged waistcoat, buttoned up to the neck, because he had neither shirt nor cravat; he was bare-headed and bare-footed; his hair was long and matted; round his forehead was tied a dirty clout or handkerchief, red with streaks of blood, so that he seemed to have but one eye.

As we came out of the churchyard, I caught sight of him, and thought, naturally, how he would look if he were drawn just so, in those rags, and put into a picture, making one of a group. And I saw, but suspected nothing—how could we be all so foolish and blind as not to see, with half an eye, who it was?—how he started when we came forth from the churchyard, and made as if he would move towards us, perhaps to beg, but checked himself, and waited where he was.

But the Admiral stopped, and surveyed him leisurely from head to foot. Then he lugged out his purse, and found a shilling, which he bestowed upon the man.

"My lad," he said, "thou art a sailor, and thou hast fallen among thieves, belike. I will not ask where thy wound was gotten, nor in what company; nor how thou art in such ragged plight. Take this money. Go into dock and refit. When this is spent, come to me for another. And when all is well again, volunteer and serve the King, and so keep out of mischief."

He shook his gold stick with admonition, and stumped away. But the man took the coin and held it in his hand, without saying a word of thanks. I, still watching him in my foolish way, because so picturesque a rogue had I never seen, most of our ragged vagabonds spoiling their beauty, so to speak, by going in an old wig, torn in half, burned, uncombed, and dirty, that hath, perhaps, been used by a shoeblack to rub the shoes in his trade. There is no picturesqueness possible in an old wig. Yet, I was not so stupid but I saw in the man's eye a look which was both wistful and sorrowful, though I did not then interpret it in that manner.

So the Admiral went on, followed by his good lady, who held her skirts in her hand, and stared at the man in her turn, as ladies sometimes look at such poor wretches—namely, as if they were of a different clay, and had another kind of Adam for their father. But one must not expect a gentlewoman, such as the Admiral's lady (she was by birth distantly connected with the Right Honourable the Earl of Bute, and a Scotswoman) to understand how, beneath the most rugged exterior, there may be found admirable qualities of courage and fidelity. So she gazed upon him, turned her head, and went her way after the Admiral. After her came Castilla. "Poor man!" she said, in her sweet way, "I would I had some money to give thee; but I have none. Truly thou art to be pitied. I wish thee better fortune and a ship."

She had been taught by her father, and fully believed it, that the only place where these rough tarpaulins were happy and out of mischief was on board ship. Seeing that they are so often drunk and fighting, and in trouble on shore, perhaps she was right. But then ashore there is no bo's'n, and there is no cat-o'-nine-tails, save for pickpockets. So she looked at him compassionately, and he moved his lips as if he would have spoken, but did not. And so she passed on her way.

Then came I myself. I said nothing, but he looked at me with a kind of sorrowful wonder. I remembered, directly afterwards, what that eye of his said as plain as it could speak; but at the moment I was deaf to its voice, and blind and stupid, thinking only of a bundle of rags on a tall figure, and how the man and the rags would look in a picture. After ourselves came the negroes and Philadelphia. The men rolled their eyes at this poor fellow with the contempt that a fat and well-fed negro always feels, forgetful of his skin, for a starving white man, and if their master had been out of hearing they would have laughed aloud and even rolled on the ground in the enjoyment of his suffering. Nothing makes a negro laugh more joyfully than to see somebody hurt. That is, perhaps, why some of their kings celebrate their most joyful festivals with horrid murders and rivers of blood. Philadelphia followed her young mistress, and had no eyes for anyone else, being, though a witch and a sorceress, and an Obeah woman, faithful to Miss Castilla.

When we had passed, the Vicar came out of the vestry and so into Church-lane.

"Why, my friend," he said, stopping to contemplate the scarecrow, "where hast thou gotten these rags and this wound?"

"I have escaped, Sir, from a French prison, and have received a hurt on the forehead."

Something in his manner touched the Vicar.

"Are you a common sailor?" he asked.

"Do I look like aught else, Sir? Heard one ever of an officer in such rags as mine?"

"Yet you speak like an educated man. And your voice seems familiar to me. Follow me to the vicarage, my poor man, where you shall have a plate of victuals and a tankard of ale, and we will see what can be done to replace some of these rags, which are not proper for a Christian man and an honest man to wear."

"How doth your Reverence know that I am an honest man?"

"Nay, that I know not, and there are many rogues abroad. But it is not for me—God forbid!—to attempt to separate the sheep from the goats. Therefore, sheep or goat, follow me and be welcome, in the name of our Saviour."

The Vicar left him, and he turned and would have followed, but for one thing.

We who were a few yards in advance, unthinking and

unsuspecting, heard a cry which stopped the very beating of our hearts.

The cry was from Bess Westmoreland.

She, too, saw the ragged sailor when she passed through the churchyard gate. But she did not, like the rest of us, pass on, and think no more. She suddenly broke from her father, pushed the crowd away to right and left, and fell on her knees upon the muddy ground, catching the man by both hands, like a mad thing, and crying,

"Oh, Jack! Jack! Jack! He is home again! Jack Easterbrook has come home again!"

Then, as we crowded round, we saw the tears run down his face. It was the first time, and the last, that ever any man saw Jack weep; yet he had plenty to cry for, both before this and after. He caught the girl by both hands, and bent over her, saying, as we all heard,

"Oh! Bess, Bess, none of them remembered me—not even Luke; none of them thought of me! But you remembered me, Bess! Oh! Bess, you remembered me!"

(To be continued.)

## THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

This celebrated place, which is visited and admired by travellers in North America from all parts of the world, has been frequently described, and we have published several Illustrations of its scenery in years past. It is situated in the middle of the State of California, about two hundred miles east from San Francisco. The valley, through which flows the river Merced, is a deep trough cut in the general surface of the country, six miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide, with almost perpendicular cliff sides, 3000 ft. high; the granite rocks presenting an endless variety of wild and fantastic shapes—pillars, towers, arches, domes, spires, and peaks—the result of glacial or aqueous action. The names given to some of these rocks, El Capitan, the Sentinel, the Three Brothers, the Cathedral, the Cap of Liberty, and Cloud's Rest, are sufficiently expressive. They rise, in several instances, to heights from 4000 ft. to 6000 ft., towering aloft far above the margin of the valley. Waterfalls of remarkable beauty and variety, called the Bridal Veil, the Vernal, the Nevada, the Ribbon, and so on, with the Yosemite Fall, properly so called, which is formed by a stream of that name from Mount Hoffmann, north-east of the valley, adorn the sides of this wonderful recess. The Yosemite Fall, which is shown in our present Illustration, has a general descent, altogether, of 2600 ft., but not all in one perpendicular cascade; it begins with a vertical descent of 1500 ft. to a midway shelf of rock, then pours over it a series of cascades, and finishes with a lower cataract, to the further depth of 400 ft., where it reaches the bottom. It is well seen from the Sentinel Dome, on the opposite side of the valley.

The Emperor of Austria arrived on Sunday evening at Gastein, where he was warmly welcomed by the German Emperor. On Monday the Emperor of Austria paid a visit to the Emperor of Germany, and subsequently to Prince and Princess Bismarck. A state dinner in honour of the Emperor Francis Joseph was given by the Emperor William. On Tuesday the Emperor of Germany, after receiving a farewell visit from the Emperor of Austria, left Gastein for Salzburg; and the Emperor of Austria left on Wednesday for Ischl.

The King of Greece arrived at Copenhagen on Sunday, and was received at the railway station by his father, the King.

In connection with the celebration of the quinqucentary jubilee of Heidelberg University on Thursday week, honorary degrees were conferred upon the Grand Duke and Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, and on several distinguished foreigners, among whom were Professor Stubbs, Sir Henry Roscoe, Professor William Thomson, Professor Cayley, Professor Sweet, Professor Strutt, and Lord Rayleigh. The celebration culminated yesterday week in a grand historical procession, which symbolised the past five centuries. There were seen in it representatives of all the distinguished personages who have ever been connected with the University. The display was favoured with beautiful weather.

Mr. Tilden, the leader of the Democratic Party in the United States, who missed his election to the Presidency in 1876 by one vote, died suddenly on the 4th inst. at his residence near New York. He was in his seventy-second year.—The session of Congress closed on Thursday week.—Two coopers from Buffalo have safely navigated the Niagara rapids in a conical cask of their own construction.—Forest fires are reported as raging in the United States for one hundred miles along the line of the Wisconsin Central Railroad.

The Church Council in Durban have unanimously elected the Rev. Sir George Cox Bishop of Natal.

The death is announced from Simla of the widow of the late Emperor of Delhi.

An area of 2000 square miles in New Zealand was covered by the recent volcanic convulsions with upwards of three inches of dust. The vegetation upon 400 square miles has been utterly destroyed.

The Wesleyan Conference was brought to a close yesterday week after the transaction of some formal business, including the passing of resolutions in favour of dispensing with the presence of the Registrar at Nonconformist marriages, the acquisition of sites for the places of worship, and the enfranchisement of leasehold chapels.

On Thursday the Trinity sittings terminated, and the Judges rose for the Long Vacation; they will not sit again for the transaction of general business until Monday, Oct. 25, when the Michaelmas sittings begin. During the vacation one of the two Long Vacation Judges (Justices Grantham and Stirling) will sit in open court every Wednesday, for the purpose of hearing applications arising in the Chancery Division which may require to be immediately or promptly heard; a Judge will be in attendance at Queen's Bench, Judges' Chambers, every Tuesday and Thursday, in order to hear summonses and applications arising in the Queen's Bench Division. Mr. Justice Stirling will be Vacation Judge for the first half, and Mr. Justice Grantham will take the second part of the Long Vacation.

A quarterly court of the governors of that valuable charity the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, was held in the board-room of the hospital on Thursday week. From the report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin) it appears that since the annual meeting the two buildings, containing 321 beds, had been fully occupied. It would, however, be necessary temporarily to close a portion of the main building for the purpose of the requisite colouring and cleaning. The committee had received from Mr. and Mrs. V. Edwards a further gift of £200, and one of £105 from another liberal supporter, Major-General Lambert, in order to name a memorial bed. At the same time the committee regretted that the general contributions had fallen far short of the quarter's expenses, inasmuch that it had been necessary to sell out the further sum of £3000 consols to pay the ordinary tradesmen's bills. The committee remind the public of the constant want of funds to support this unendowed charity.









STUDENTS OF GEOLOGY.—DRAWN BY PERCY TARRANT.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The number of theatres open in London becomes small by degrees and beautifully less. The Lyceum, the Princess's, Drury-Lane, the St. James's, the Criterion, the Empire, and Tolly's, are all closed. But the spirited lessee of Drury-Lane, Mr. Augustus Harris, is busily devoting his energies to the rehearsals of the new sporting melodrama, by himself and Mr. Henry Pettitt, to be produced this month under the name of "A Run of Luck," instead of "Good Luck," the latter title having been previously used. Another London manager of signal ability, Mr. Wilson Barrett, having won the admiration of all who have witnessed his distinguished services to dramatic art and to the literature of the stage, at the Princess's, has this week deservedly been the recipient of a notable token of public favour. As Mr. Wilson Barrett is about to leave England for a tour in America with the admirable Princess's company, it was arranged that a farewell supper should be given to him by his brother actors and a host of artistic and literary friends, at the Criterion Restaurant on Thursday. This tribute to a gentleman who is at once a forcible actor and an accomplished and enterprising manager was well merited.

Comedy is in the ascendant at the few playhouses that are open. The one exception is the Adelphi, the gleaming "Harbour Lights" at which still draw wonderfully good houses to witness the bright and breezy nautical drama of MM. Sims and Pettitt, with Mr. William Terriss as an ideal young naval officer. It was a daring undertaking to offer the familiar "School for Scandal" as an autumn attraction at the Haymarket. But the attempt has not been unsuccessful, with Miss Kate Vaughan as Lady Teazle, Mr. H. B. Conway as Charles Surface, and, above all, Mr. William Farren as the best living Sir Peter Teazle; the cast also comprising MM. Charles Collette, R. Soutar, Wilford Morgan, and Mesdames Fanny Coleman and Marie Illington. A hearty laugh may always be depended upon in the sprightly society of "The Schoolmistress" at the Court, and in the questionable company of "The Pickpocket" at the Globe. But the heartiest laughter of all is to be heard at the Comedy, where Mr. Willie Edouin offers a palatable bill-of-fare composed of "Blackberries" and "Turned Up." The first is a merry and brief musical piece by Mr. Mark Melford, and touches gaily enough on the lives of travelling show-people, the principal characters being the light-hearted and chirpy Charlie Cott of Miss Alice Atherton, who sings with all her wonted charm a variety of tuneful ballads, and a showman called Uncle Jim, embodied with much drollery by Mr. Willie Edouin. The unflagging vivacity of Mr. Lytton Sothorn adds to the point of "Blackberries." But it is the diverting farcical comedy of "Turned Up" which is the great source of uncontrollable mirth—mirth as infectious as that which is ever created by the "Two Macs," the drollest performers on the Variety stage. "Turned Up" is also by Mr. Mark Melford. The plot turns on the presumed double bigamy which Captain Medway and Mrs. Medway are supposed to have committed quite unwittingly; the consequences being not only embarrassing in the extreme to the principals, but also to their perplexed and anxious son and daughter, whose love affairs with their respective sweethearts are impeded by the complicated marital misfortunes of their parents. A funny idea is funnily and skilfully carried out. The audience is kept thoroughly well amused from first to last. The well-drawn individualities of Mr. Caraway Bones, Captain Medway, General Baltic, George Medway, Mrs. Medway, and Cleopatra are admirably realised by Mr. Willie Edouin, Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Lytton Sothorn, Miss E. Brunton, and Miss Alice Chandos; and the well-contrasted *ingénues*, Ada Baltic and Sabrina Medway, are delightfully natural and winsome in the hands of pretty Miss Mand Millet and sprightly Miss Zeffie Tilbury. "Turned Up" should be a great success.

Flattering as the practice of imitation may be in the theatrical world, a too zealous adoption of the fashion may become repellent. The well-worn theme of David Garrick's cure of a love-sick girl's admiration of him is not so supremely attractive, surely, that it should be enacted at two London theatres at the same time. It would have been represented at a third had not Mr. Charles Wyndham discreetly abandoned his intention of reviving "David Garrick" at the Criterion. On Monday, however, this old love-story of the stage was offered in one act by Mr. Hermann Vezin in the guise of "Dr. Davy" at the Opéra Comique, where this singularly able actor with artistic skill disillusioned his fair young innamorata, impersonated with charming delicacy by Miss Eva Sothorn. Over the way, at the Strand Theatre, the Compton Comedy Company reappeared, making "Garrick" the staple of attraction. Though rather too tall and handsome for the character of the real Davy Garrick, Mr. Edward Compton made his mark in the chief part, and earned a well-deserved round of applause for his simulation of intoxication in the principal scene. In this version, Davy Garrick is in the end made to wed the maiden whom he had vainly endeavoured to cure of her passionate attachment to him. This closing situation tells forcibly by reason of the manly tenderness of Mr. Edward Compton and the artistic grace and naturalness of Miss Virginia Bateman. At the Opéra Comique, "Dr. Davy" is followed by the three-act comedy, from the German, of "Bachelors," by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Hermann Vezin—an improbable piece, based upon the breaking up of a bachelors' home by a group of captivating young women, who have little difficulty in persuading the monastic recluses to pair with them. The quaint piece is well acted by Mr. Hermann Vezin (an anchorite who proposes to no less than three girls, and is accepted by all!), Mr. A. E. Drinkwater, Mr. William Herbert, Mr. Frank Green, Miss Florence Chalgrove, Miss Eva Sothorn, Miss Ira Elcho, and Mrs. W. Sidney.

The annual congress of the British Medical Association has been held this week at Brighton.

The statutory meeting of the shareholders in Defries' Safety Lamp and Oil Company (Limited) was held on Tuesday at the offices, Holborn Viaduct. Mr. J. A. Curson presided, and said the results of the working so far had amply justified the statements in the prospectus, the net profit for the first four months having been £5000. That rate of profit, they believed, would enable them to declare a good dividend at the end of the first year's trading, and possibly to pay an interim dividend.

There have been further serious riots, for several days in succession, at Belfast, resulting in the loss of twelve lives and in more than a hundred persons being wounded. Firearms were used by the rioters, and many of the police were injured. On Tuesday morning the town was quiet; but in the afternoon, at the funeral of the lad Devlin, who had been killed on Sunday, a disturbance again arose, and shots were fired at the Roman Catholics, 300 in number, who followed the body. One person was killed, and several others wounded seriously. Nine additional resident magistrates have been appointed for Belfast, and that town, as well as Londonderry, has been proclaimed under the Peace Preservation Act. There have been strong reinforcements of artillery.

## POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

AUG. 14, 1886.

In packing the THICK EDITION of this Number for the Foreign Post, it is necessary to use a very light wrapper, or the weight of eight ounces will be exceeded, and an additional postal charge will be incurred.

**JEPHTHAH'S VOW**, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeus at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

**STRAND**—MR. EDWARD COMPTON—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30 GARRICK; at Eight, BLUE DEVILS; supported by the COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Box-office open from Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Charles Terry.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.  
The coolest and best ventilated Place of Amusement in London.

## MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'

NEW AND DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT.  
EVERY NIGHT, AT EIGHT.  
DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well.

New and important Engagements. Second Week of the noted American Comedians and Dancers, the Three T's. New and beautiful Songs and Choruses. New and intensely funny Comic Sketches. Altogether the VERY BEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON. Tickets and Places can be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees of any description. Fanteuil's, 58; Sofa Stalls, 34; Area, 28; Gallery, 18. Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performance; at 7.30 for Evening Performance.

**MONTE CARLO—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO**, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity. The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

**SEA BATHING AT MONACO**, on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year. MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hotel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

**DOVER AND OSTEND LINE**—Accelerated Conveyance of the Travellers from London to Brussels (94 hours), to Cologne (15 hours), to Berlin (26 hours), to Vienna (39 hours), to Milan, via the St. Gothard (35 hours), and to every great city on the Continent; also to the East, via Brindisi (63 hours). Single and Return Through Tickets at very reduced fares (56lb. of Luggage gratis).

On board of the Mails will be found Refreshments, Private Cabins, Stewardesses, &c. Two services daily, in correspondence with the International Mail and Express Trains. Direct German Carriages and Sleeping-Cars. Agencies—at London, 53, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3 and 18, Strand-street; at Ostend, Brussels, 90, Montagne de la Cour; at Cologne, 12, Domhof; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c. Daily Conveyance of Ordinary and Specie Parcels.

**ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND**—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Rigi, by Mountain Railway from Arth Station, of the Gothard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages; Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

**GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY—SEASIDE**—An Improved SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer. TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all Trains. For full particulars see bills. London, August, 1886. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

## SEASIDE SEASON—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON.	Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
SEABOARD.	Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-road) and West Brompton.
ST. LEONARDS.	Return Tickets from London available for Eight Days.
HASTINGS.	Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets.
WORTHING.	Improved Train Services.
LITTLEHAMPTON.	Pullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton.
HOVE.	
HAYLING ISLAND.	
PORTSMOUTH.	
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**BRIGHTON**—Cheap First-Class Day Tickets London to Brighton every Week-day. From Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton. Every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s.

**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND SEABOARD**—Cheap Fast Trains every Week-day from Victoria 9.55 a.m.; London Bridge 10 a.m., calling at Croydon; Kensington (Addison-road), 9.55 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Every Sunday from London Bridge, 9.30 a.m.; Victoria, 9.25 a.m.; Kensington, 9.10 a.m.; Clapham Junction, 9.30 a.m.; and East Croydon, 9.50 a.m. Special Day Return Tickets, 15s., 11s. 6d., and 6s.

## PARIS—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.  
EXPRESS DAY SERVICE—Every Week-day as under:—

Aug. 9	Victoria Station.	London Bridge	Paris.
Dep. 1 0 p.m.	Dep. 1 5 p.m.	Arr. (St. Lazare).	
" 10 "	" 9 10 a.m.	" 9 15 "	" 11 45 p.m.
" 11 "	" 10 15 "	" 10 30 "	" 10 5 "
" 12 "	" 11 5 "	" 11 15 "	" 11 45 "
" 13 "	" 11 30 "	" 11 55 "	" 11 45 "
" 14 "	" 1 0 p.m.	" 1 5 p.m.	" 12 10 mid.

**NIGHT SERVICE**—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m. every Wednesday and Sunday.

**PARIS**—London to Paris and Back—1st Class, 2nd Class; available for Return within One Month; £2 17s., £2 1s.

Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 32s.

A spacious and commodious Station has been constructed on the new East Quay at Newhaven, wherein Passengers will find every possible convenience and comfort.

The Normandy and Brittany, splendid Fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 34 hours.

A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS**, see Time Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's and Ludgate-circus Office. (By order.)

## FIRST CLASS TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

**SATURDAY, AUG. 14**. A First Class Express Train will leave Victoria, 9.30 a.m., for Portsmouth, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Express Train at 6.40 p.m. Fare, First Class Train and Sea net, 12s. 6d.

Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, or at the General Inquiry and Booking Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square. (By order.)

English tourist families now rambling on the Continent find indoor recreation in Asher's "Continental Library of English Authors." Among the latest additions to this series are Mr. William Black's "Yolande," originally published in the *Illustrated London News*; Rowland Grey's pleasing stories, "Lindenblumen" and "In Sunny Switzerland"; and Mr. Walter Besant's "All in a Garden Fair."

The blue and white china, and other kinds, on the second day of the Blenheim sale, at Christie's last week, brought better prices, but there was nothing extravagant. The total of the day was £3646, making, with that of the previous day, £5964. The sale of pictures from the Blenheim collection was continued at Christie's last Saturday, the day's sale realising £10,411. On Monday the sale of china was continued, £1715 being obtained; and on Tuesday Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods concluded the sale of the works of art—the miniatures, portraits in enamel, and carvings in ivory being disposed of. Some good prices were obtained for the best specimens. The day's sale realised £2031, making a total of £13,050 for the third portion, and a grand total for the whole collection of £66,282 10s.

## OBITUARY.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE.

The Most Rev. James Alipius Gool, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne, whose death is announced, was born in Cork in 1812, and entered at an early age the Order of St. Augustine. Soon after his ordination he went out as a priest to New South Wales, and in 1848 was appointed Bishop of Melbourne. In this important sphere he accomplished, by his activity, energy, and devotion, great public good, and was eventually created by the Pope the first Archbishop of the province. At one time he was engaged in a controversy on the subject of education.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON, Q.C.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, Q.C., F.R.S., LL.D., President of the Royal Irish Academy, Deputy Keeper of the Records in Ireland, died at Howth, near Dublin, on the 9th inst. He was born at Belfast, March 10, 1810, the third son of the late Mr. John Ferguson, of Cider Court, and afterwards of Carlton House, in the county of Antrim, by Agnes, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Knox. He was educated at the Belfast Academical Institution and Trinity College, Dublin; was called to the Bar in 1838, and became Q.C. in 1859. In 1867 he was made Deputy Keeper of the Public Records of Ireland, and, in that office, organised and perfected, with admirable skill, the Record Department at the Four Courts. But it was as a literary man that Sir Samuel gained his reputation. A poet of exquisite taste, he produced, so far back as 1832, the beautiful lyric "The Forging of the Anchor," which is still popular far and near, and holds a high place in modern English poetry. His other works were his "Lays of the Western Gael," "Congal," &c. He edited, for many years, the *Dublin University Magazine*, and contributed to it several able essays, as well as learned papers on his favourite subject, Irish antiquities. In 1859 the University of Dublin conferred on him the degree of LL.D., *honoris causa*; and in 1878 he received the honour of knighthood. Sir Samuel married, in 1848, Mary Catherine Guinness, a lady of considerable acquirements, daughter of Mr. Robert R. Guinness, of The Farm, Stillorgan, in the county of Dublin, and cousin of Lord Ardilaun. Sir Samuel was beloved in private life, and esteemed in every literary circle.

DR. ARCHIBALD GORDON.

Dr. Archibald Gordon, C.B., Inspector-General of Hospitals, and Honorary Surgeon to her Majesty, died recently at Woodlands, West Hoathley, in his seventy-fifth year. He took the degree of M.D. at the University of Edinburgh in 1834, was appointed Assistant-Surgeon in the Army Medical Department in 1836, and became Surgeon in 1848. He served with the 53rd Regiment in the Sutlej Campaign of 1846, including Aliwal and Sobraon; and throughout the Punjab of 1848-9, including Chillianwallah and Gujrat. He took part in the Crimean War, Alma, Balaklava, and Sebastopol; and in requital of these services received the decoration of C.B., the Turkish medal, and the Legion of Honour. In 1857 he was principal medical officer with the expeditionary force to China, and was present at the capture of Canton.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Layard (Anne), wife of Sir Charles Peter Layard, K.C.M.G., on the 31st ult., aged seventy-six.

Mr. William Younger, of Corehead and Auchencass, Dumfriesshire, at Aughen Castle, near Moffat, aged fifty-five.

Mr. Charles T. W. Parry, J.P., Registrar of her Majesty's Court of Probate, on the 5th inst., at Chester.

Dowager Lady Richardson (Mary), widow of Sir John Stewart Richardson, Bart., of Pitfour, in the county of Perth, and daughter of Mr. James Hay, of Collieston, Devon, on the 31st ult., aged seventy-eight. Her eldest son is the present Sir James T. S. Richardson, Bart.

Dr. R. J. Mann, F.R.C.S., for many years secretary of one of the sections of the Society of Arts, President for three years of the Meteorological Society, and member of various learned bodies, at Wandsworth-common, aged sixty-nine. In 1864 he became Emigration Agent for Natal.

Mr. Alexander Leith, M.A., of Freefield and Glenkindie, Aberdeenshire, J.P. and D.L., member of the Royal Archers, the Queen's Body-guard for Scotland, formerly an Advocate at the Scottish Bar, at Freefield, in his sixty-ninth year. He was eldest son of the late General Sir Alexander Leith, K.C.B., a distinguished Peninsular officer.

Mr. Edward Rawdon B. Power, J.P., formerly in the Ceylon Civil Service, and, at one time private secretary to Sir R. Wilmot Horton, Governor of that colony, on the 4th inst., at Heywood Lodge, Tenby, aged seventy-six. He was much esteemed as a valuable public servant, and is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends.

St. George's Chapel, Windsor, will be closed from Monday next, Aug. 16, to Saturday, Aug. 23, inclusive, for repairs.

At a conference of representative working men, held on Tuesday evening at Anderton's Hotel, Mr. J. R. Somers Vine explained the result of his negotiations with the railway companies to carry out the proposal of the Prince of Wales to admit the working classes at a reduced rate to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. It has been arranged that in the inner radius, including the Whitechapel and Hammersmith extensions, the charge, including return fare and admission would be 9d. for adults and 6d. for children. The outer radius would be six miles out, and the fares would be 1s. for adults and 7d. for children. The Prince was most anxious that the labourers should visit the Exhibition.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, were present on board the Osborne, on Thursday week, to witness the race for the Cowes Town Cup by the Royal Yacht Squadron. The starters were—Sleuth-hound, Genesta, Marjorie, Annasona, May, Irex, Hyacinth, Neptune, Arethusa, and Foxhound. The course was from Cowes, round the Warner Lightship, thence round the Lepe Buoy, and back to Cowes; twice round. May, very cleverly sailed, saved her time on all by a few seconds, and won. A dozen yachts of various rig competed yesterday week for the prizes of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the course being from Cowes to the Nab, back to Yarmouth, returning to the station. The Foxhound, belonging to Mr. Nottage, though the seventh timed home, at the finish took the first prize of £70, having saved her time, and the Marjorie, which led at the close, the second of £50. The King of Portugal arrived in the Roads in the morning, and was saluted; and during the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed from their private barge the several sports of the West Cowes Town Regatta. On Monday the Royal Yacht Squadron had a cruise off the Isle of Wight, burgees and ensigns being dipped passing Osborne.—The annual general meeting of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was held on Monday at Ryde, under the presidency of the Commodore, the Marquis of Exeter. The sailing in connection with this club began on Tuesday; the only event being for a prize offered by the Vice-Commodore, Captain Harvey, valued at £50, with a second prize of £200 added. There were six starters—Marjorie, belonging to Mr. Coats, jun.; Neptune, Mr. Goff; Queen Mab, Mr. West; May, Mr. Duncuft; Wendur, Mr. Laing; Irex, Mr. Jameson. Irex took first prize, and Marjorie second.



## THE NEW DOCK AT GREENOCK.

The good town and port of Greenock, just within the entrance to the Clyde, is likely to gain equal prosperity with Glasgow, higher up the river, as a place of maritime trade. On Thursday last week, the completion of a great work, the construction of the James Watt Dock, named after the immortal inventor of the steam-engine, who was a native of Greenock, was made an occasion of local festivity, joined by many persons largely interested in the commercial and ship-owning affairs of North Britain. The Provost of Greenock, Mr. Robert Shankland, who is a considerable ship-owner, and is chairman of the Greenock Harbour Trustees, performed the ceremonial act of opening the caisson gate of the new dock. A fine new sailing-ship, the Otterburn, built by the old firm of R. Steele and Co., and belonging to Mr. Shankland, was the first vessel to enter the dock, towed by the steam-tug Flying Dragon, breaking a blue ribbon stretched across the water-way. This spectacle was beheld with eager interest by an assemblage of many thousands of people, in boats of all sorts in the basin, and on the wharves and quays, and on board the Meg Merrilies steamer, which had conveyed, with the Victoria, the Shannon, and the Vivid, a numerous company of visitors embarked at the Prince's Pier. Among those present were Mr. Thomas Sutherland, M.P.; Mr. Michael Shaw Stewart, M.P., and Lady Octavia Shaw Stewart; Sir Michael Connal, of Glasgow, and Sir James Bain, ironmasters; Sheriff Nicolson and Bailie Green, of Glasgow, and the Provost of Paisley; as well as the Greenock Harbour Trustees and their officers, including Mr. John Scott, Deputy Chairman; Mr. Thomas Wilson, Secretary and Manager; and Mr. W. R. Kinipple, the Chief Engineer. The proceedings were begun with a prayer, offered by the Rev. M. P. Johnstone. The Provost was presented by the engineer with a silver lever, fitted to an ivory handle, which he used to open the dock gate. All the ships in the river and the other docks were gaily decorated with a great variety of flags, and the band of the Artillery Volunteers played the music of the Old Hundredth Psalm. The Otterburn went into the new dock to receive a cargo, and the first vessel entering to discharge a cargo was the steamer Buda, just arrived from Hamburg. In the evening there was a grand dinner at the Townhall, the Provost in the chair; when speeches of congratulation were made by some of the gentlemen above named, and by Mr. Nathaniel Dunlop, of the Glasgow Allan Steam-ship Company; Mr. C. W. Cayzer, of the Clan Steam-ship Line; Mr. J. Scott and Mr. J. T. Caird, Greenock shipbuilders; Mr. Cowan, of the Caledonian Railway, and representatives of the Glasgow South-Western and the North British Railways. The Harbour Trust, as well as the town of Greenock, of which Provost Shankland is the double representative, had much cause for satisfaction, and the townsfolk generally seem to have entered cordially into the hopeful prospect of a greatly increased trade and profitable industry, at that now most commodious port.

For the information of those readers who are not acquainted with the locality, we may state that the harbour works, previously existing at Greenock, are in the centre and the western part of the river front, or "breast," of that town; including the West Quay and Harbour, the East India Harbour, each with a Graving Dock, the Victoria and Albert Harbours, and the Steam-boat Quay and Prince's Pier. These have lately been much improved, and in part reconstructed; the Albert Harbour, which cost a quarter of a million sterling, is 1000 ft. long, 500 ft. wide, and has a depth of 14 ft. at low

water and 24 ft. at high water; the Victoria Harbour has a length of 560 ft., and 530 ft. width. The new harbour works are higher up, at the east end of the town, on the site of Garvel Park, an estate purchased for £80,000 by the Harbour Trustees eighteen years ago. Provost Grieve had the first hand in this undertaking; but since his time, as Provost Shankland observed in his speech last week, six Provosts have had a part in developing the resources of the estate—namely, Provost Morton, in whose time the Garvel Graving Dock was commenced; Provost Neill, in whose time the Graving Dock was finished, and who also did much in forwarding the present works and in fixing the river line forming the Great Harbour. Provost Lyle cut the first turf of the James Watt Dock on Aug. 1, 1878; and three years later, on Aug. 6, 1881, Provost Campbell laid the foundation-stone. On May 1, 1885, Provost Wilson laid the cope-stone, when the water was let into the dock by Mr. John Scott, Deputy Chairman of the Trust; and now Provost Shankland has had the honour of opening the caisson, and allowing the first ship to enter to load outwards. The Garvel estate works consist of (1) Garvel Graving Dock—Length, 633 ft.; width, 80 ft.; entrance, 60 ft. 6-12 in.; depth on sill, 20 ft. (2) Garvel Tidal Basin—Length of quay, 2480 ft.; entrance (west), 175 ft.; depth, when completed, 35 ft. (3) The Great Harbour—Length, 3230 ft.; width, 600 ft.; area, 45 acres; depth, when completed, 33 ft. (4) The James Watt Dock—Entrance, 75 ft.; depth on sill at high water, 32 ft.; length, 2000 ft.; width (western half), 300 ft.; eastern half, 350 ft.; jetty, 800 ft., with movable cranes for shipping coals, minerals, &c.; quays, 6,400 ft. The total water space of dock and harbours is about 90 acres; total quay area, about 100 acres; total length of quays, over three miles. (5) A second graving dock is intended—length, 700 ft.; entrance, 75 ft.; depth on sill, 32 ft., with two side repairing berths, and this will form a continuation of the present Garvel Graving Dock. The cost of the wet dock and other works, including great harbour, tidal basin, warehouses, and rails, and other appliances, with the purchase of the land, has been about £800,000. The drawings and specifications for the whole of the works were prepared by Mr. Walter Robert Kinipple, M.Inst.C.E., of Westminster and Greenock, chief and consulting engineer to the Harbour Trustees. The principal contractors engaged in the construction were Mr. John Kirk, of Woolwich, for the Graving Dock; and Messrs. Hanna, Donald, and Wilson, of Paisley, for the caisson. Mr. Thomas Shaw, C.E., and Mr. C. W. Methven, C.E., acted as resident engineers. Mr. John Waddell, of Edinburgh, had the main contract for the James Watt Dock, the Garvel Basin, and the Great Harbour.

The Portrait of Provost Shankland is from a photograph by Mr. Fergus, of Greenock; and that of Mr. T. Wilson from one by Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald.

Lord Idlesleigh, as is customary on the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs assuming that post, held a Levée of the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Court of St. James, at the Foreign Office, last Saturday afternoon. The members of the foreign diplomatic body were in uniform.

The well-known historical collection of Japanese and Chinese Cloisonné enamels formed by Mr. W. G. Muckley, the late Head Master of the Manchester School of Art, has been presented to the Corporation of Manchester by Mrs. Abel Heywood, who acquired the collection from Mr. Muckley when it was recently about to be broken up.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, who is in good health, takes exercise daily. Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, the Bishop of Ripon officiating. In the afternoon the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria, Louise, and Maud of Wales took luncheon with her Majesty. The Bishop of Ripon had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Prince Henry of Battenberg dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales on board the Osborne. On Monday the Empress Eugénie dined with her Majesty and the Royal family. Sir Frank and Lady Lascelles arrived at Osborne, and, with Colonel Nightingale (commanding the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Parkhurst), had the honour of being invited. The pipers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders played during dinner.

The King of Portugal arrived at Plymouth on Thursday week, and was received by the Duke of Connaught, representing the Queen. In the evening his Majesty left in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert for Cowes, arriving there the next morning, and was received by the Prince of Wales. His Majesty landed and drove to Osborne, where he was received at the entrance by the Queen and the Royal family. On Saturday the King, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, left Osborne, and, embarking on board the Royal yacht Alberta, crossed to Portsmouth, his arrival being signalled by the firing of Royal salutes. At Portsmouth his Majesty entered a special train, and travelled to London, where he took up his residence at Buckingham Palace. Driving in an open carriage, the King visited several of the principal places of interest in London; and in the evening witnessed the performance of "The Mikado" at the Savoy Theatre. His Majesty left Buckingham Palace on Wednesday for Queenborough, en route to Copenhagen, on a visit to the King of Denmark.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who have been witnessing yacht-races at Osborne, left Charing-cross on Thursday evening for Dover, where a special steamer of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company was in readiness to convey the Royal party to Calais, en route to Homburg. Prince Albert Victor yesterday week presented the new colours to the East Kent Regiment, popularly known as the Buffs, now stationed at Dover.

Yesterday week the forty-second birthday of the Duke of Edinburgh was celebrated with the customary honours. His Royal Highness is in Alexandria at present, with Prince George of Wales.

The Duchess of Teck, who was accompanied by her three children, opened a "Babies' Castle" at Hawkhurst, on Monday, in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes for orphan and destitute children. At the déjeuner which followed, Dr. Barnardo announced that the receipts for the day amounted to £260, and that Princess Mary had signified her desire to become president of the Babies' Castle.

The Counties Chess Congress at Nottingham terminated on Tuesday evening, Mr. Burn taking the first prize.

Upwards of £50,000 has been raised towards the completion of the Wakefield Bishopric Fund, and £20,000 additional is promised by the committee. Towards the cost of erecting a palace for the new Bishop £10,000 is being raised, and £8000 has been received.

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MR. ROBERT SHANKLAND,  
Provost of Greenock.

MR. THOMAS WILSON,  
Secretary of the Greenock Harbour Trust.



THE JAMES WATT DOCK AT GREENOCK.

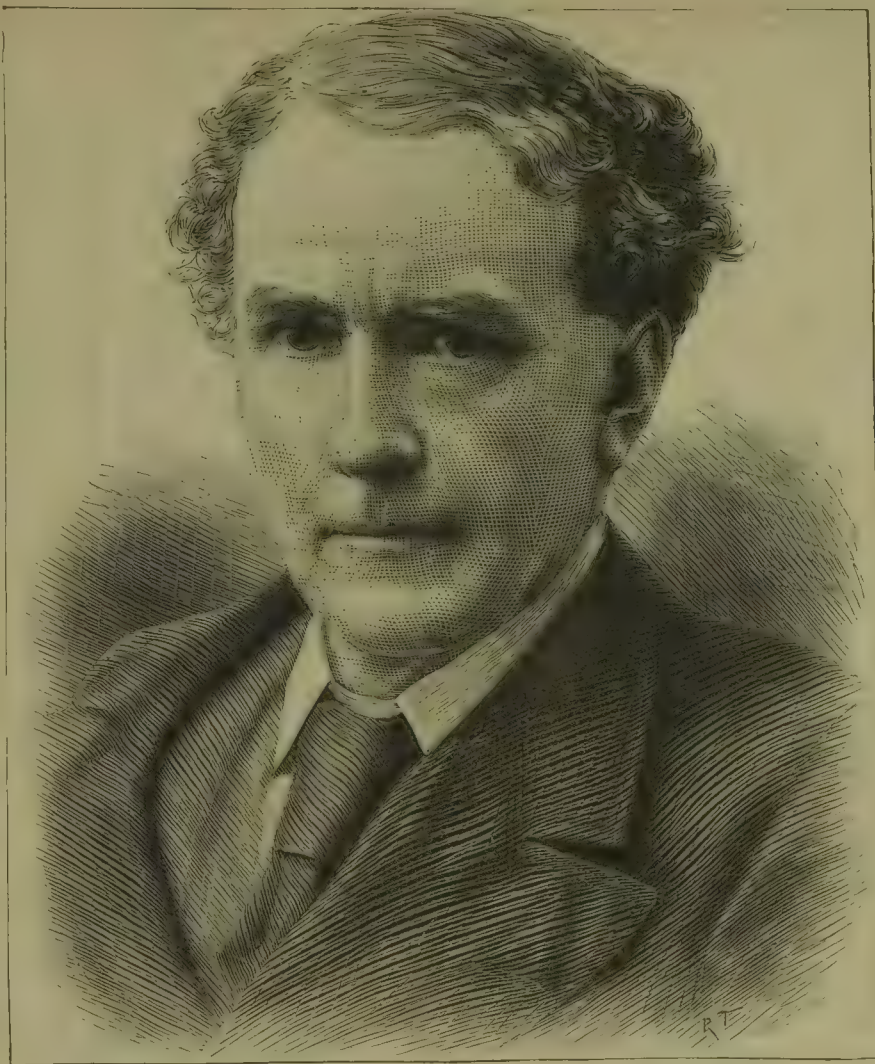


OPENING OF THE JAMES WATT DOCK BY THE PROVOST OF GREENOCK.



## THE NEW HOME SECRETARY.

Mr. Henry Matthews, Q.C., M.P., a barrister of high standing and great ability, but not hitherto distinguished as a politician, has been appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department in the new Conservative Government. He was born in Ceylon in 1826, and obtained his education partly on the Continent and partly in England. He graduated at the University of Paris as Bachelier-ès-Arts, and, having studied law at University College, London, he, in 1849, graduated LL.B. at the University of London, carrying off the University Law Scholarship of £50 a year for three years. In the same year he was elected a Fellow of University College. Meantime, Mr. Matthews had been admitted at Lincoln's Inn, where he was called to the Bar in 1850. He speedily obtained practice, and was engaged in many important cases; but the occasion upon which he first greatly distinguished himself was in the three suits brought by several members or connections of the Borghese family at Rome, who claimed a share of the Shrewsbury estates. In the first of these suits, Mr. Matthews followed Mr. Rolt and Mr. Fleming before the Vice-Chancellor, Sir W. P. Wood, on June 5, 1860; and at the conclusion of the arguments the learned Vice-Chancellor expressed his thanks to Mr. Matthews "for the very able argument which had been addressed by him to the Court." The case was an exceptionally difficult and peculiar one, and is thus described in the memoir of Mr. Matthews, which appears in *Pump Court* for this month. "The Duchess di Sora, the sole surviving child of the late Princess Borghese, formerly Lady Catherine Gwendoline Talbot, second daughter of John, Earl of Shrewsbury, claimed to be entitled under the preliminary contract upon the marriage of her mother to one moiety of the real estate and also one moiety of the personal estate of which John, Earl of Shrewsbury, was possessed at the time of his death. Inquiries had been directed, and a commission (with Mr. Matthews at the head of it) had been sent to Rome, to ascertain the meaning and the effect of clause 5 of the preliminary contract, according to the law of Rome. The result of the commission filled several



THE RIGHT HON. HENRY MATTHEWS, Q.C., THE NEW HOME SECRETARY.

folio volumes, containing the conflicting opinions of the most eminent Roman lawyers, supported by multitudinous references to the Canonists, the decisions of the 'Sacred Rota,' the great text-writers upon jurisprudence, the *Institutes* and *Pandects*, and the laws of the Augustan era and of the Roman Republic. Here was an opportunity for Mr. Matthews to bring into play his acquirements in jurisprudence and Roman law. On Nov. 13, 1860, the most distinguished men of the Bar were associated in the case on either side. In giving judgment, the learned Vice-Chancellor again singled out Mr. Matthews for special commendation. 'In questions of foreign law,' he said, 'raised on behalf of both plaintiff and the defendants, he had derived very great assistance from the mass of evidence and arguments given by the advocates of Rome, while he had been more than usually assisted by the arguments addressed to him by the English Bar. With respect to the argument of Mr. Matthews, who had conducted, on behalf of the plaintiff, the examination of the witnesses at Rome, he could only repeat that that gentleman had presented a thorough mastery of the case in all its bearings, and shown himself singularly competent for the discussion of the questions raised, involving as they did a perfect familiarity with the Italian language, and a complete knowledge of the principles of foreign law.' We are reminded also that Mr. Matthews was leading counsel in the Slade case of inheritance of estates and baronetcy, in 1867; that he was engaged in several criminal cases of great notoriety, also in the Tichborne case, and in the Epping Forest litigation; while his conduct of the Crawford divorce case, in the most recent phase of the proceedings, is fresh in the public memory. In 1868, Mr. Matthews was created a Q.C., elected a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and returned to Parliament as member for Dungarvan. From 1872 to 1876 he acted as Examiner in Common Law to the Council of Legal Education, a post that his scholarship and his practical experience pre-eminently qualified him to fill. He sat for Dungarvan till the dissolution of 1874, but in 1874, 1876, and 1880 he contested the same constituency without



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LIEUT.-COLONEL EDMUND PALMER, R.A. (ST. HELENA).



MR. J. A. DESPEISSIS (MAURITIUS).



success. In the autumn of 1885 similar ill-fortune attended his candidature in North Birmingham. At the recent General Election, however, he headed the poll in East Birmingham, beating Mr. Alderman Cook, a local manufacturer and former Mayor. Being obliged to seek reelection, in consequence of taking office, Mr. Matthews had again the same opponent; but Mr. Cook having withdrawn his nomination on Wednesday, the new Home Secretary was declared duly elected. Mr. Matthews is a Roman Catholic.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. Collier, of New-street, Birmingham.

The fifty-fourth annual meeting of the British Medical Association was held at Brighton, from Tuesday to Friday.

More than 5000 Volunteers arrived last Saturday at Aldershot for drill, the greater proportion being from the metropolis. About 1500 were from the west country.

During the past week steamers arrived at Liverpool with live stock and fresh meat on board, from the United States and Canada, bringing a collective supply of 1692 cattle, 2297 sheep, and 7857 quarters of beef.

The Queen has accepted a copy of "The Memoir of Twenty-one Years' Work," recently issued by the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and has sent to Mr. Glaisher, the chairman, a cheque for £35.

A gentleman, who desires his name to be concealed, called recently upon the director of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, and handed him £2300, to cover the cost of building and equipping a seventh mission vessel, to cruise with one of the North Sea trawling fleets.

The Southern Division of Artillery Volunteers having finished their work at Shoeburyness, marched out of camp yesterday week; and by mid-day on Sunday all the detachments of the Second Division had arrived in the camp, service being held in the large mess-tent, where the Rev. Canon Whittington, Chaplain to the 1st Essex, preached.

**THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.**

We present a further instalment of the Portraits of Royal Commissioners and Colonial Commissioners or Agents whose efforts have contributed to the grand display of products of the British Empire at South Kensington.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., who has, upon this occasion, acted for the British North Borneo Company, was one of the Royal Commissioners for Great Britain at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. He has gained high distinction in the consular, diplomatic, and colonial services of her Majesty's Government; he was educated for the medical profession, served with the British auxiliary forces in Spain and Portugal, and was appointed Deputy Inspector-General of Army Hospitals; but in 1844 went to China with an appointment as Consul, was promoted, in 1858, to be Consul-General in Japan; and, in the next year, became Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary there; from 1865 to 1871, he was British Minister at Peking and Chief Superintendent of Trade with China. He is author of various contributions to scientific and useful literature.

Sir James Francis Garrick, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for Queensland, practised as a solicitor for some years in Queensland, and in 1873 was called to the Bar by the Benchers of the Middle Temple, subsequently practising in Queensland, where, in 1882, he was appointed Queen's Counsel. He was elected a Member of the Legislative Assembly of Queensland in 1867 and again in 1877. In 1883 he accepted a seat, with the conduct of Government business, in the Legislative Council. Sir James Garrick during 1878 was Minister for Lands, and in 1883-84 Postmaster-General. He was one of the two representatives of Queensland in the Federal Convention assembled at Sydney in 1883. In 1884 he accepted his present office of Agent-General, continuing, however, to be a member of the Colonial Government. He is the only Agent-General who occupies that position.

The Portrait of Sir Rutherford Alcock is from a photograph by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford-street; that of Sir James Garrick was taken by Messrs. W. and D. Downey; that of Lieutenant-

Colonel Edmund Palmer, R.A., Executive Commissioner for St. Helena, is from one by Messrs. H. and R. Stiles, of High-street, Kensington; and others are by Messrs. Walery, of Conduit-street. Window and Grove, of Baker-street, and different photographers.

**FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.**

The marriage of the Earl of Yarborough and the Hon. Marcia Lane Fox, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Conyers, took place on the 5th inst., in St. Peter's Church, Cranley-gardens. Mr. Wentworth Beaumont was best man; and the eight bridesmaids were—the Hon. Violet Lane Fox, sister of the bride; Lady Harriett Osborne, the Ladies' Rose and Violet Nevill, Miss Alexander Paget, Miss Halford, Hon. Edith Hill Trevor, and Edith Lane Fox.

Sir Humphrey F. De Trafford, Bart., of Trafford Park, Lancashire, and Violet, eldest daughter of the late Captain Franklin, 77th Regiment, were married at the Oratory, Brompton, on Monday forenoon. The wedding was very quiet, owing to the recent death of the bridegroom's father, Sir Humphrey De Trafford. The bride was attended to the altar by Miss Franklin, her sister, as bridesmaid, and by Mr. Franklin, her brother, who gave her away.

On Tuesday morning the marriage of Mr. James Baillie Hamilton, youngest son of the late Admiral William Alexander and Lady Harriet Baillie Hamilton, with Lady Evelyn Campbell, fourth daughter of the Duke of Argyll, was celebrated in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr. George Baden-Powell, M.P., as best man; and the ten bridesmaids were the Lady Constance Campbell (sister of the bride), Lady Constance Scott, Lady Sophia Palmer, Miss Elspeth Campbell, Miss Lilah Campbell, Miss Gordon, Miss Blanche Balfour, Miss Constance Grenfell, Miss Story, and Miss Hamilton King.

The Duke of Grafton has become president of the Bond Pension Society, Southwark Bridge-road.

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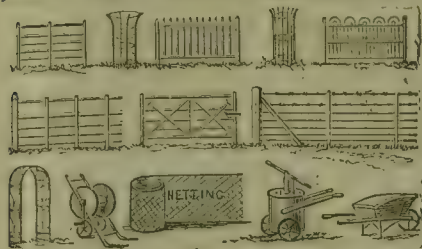
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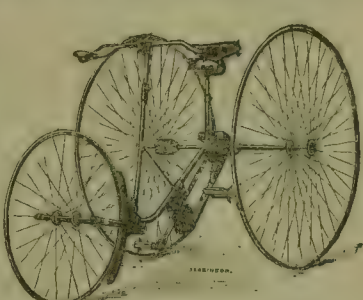
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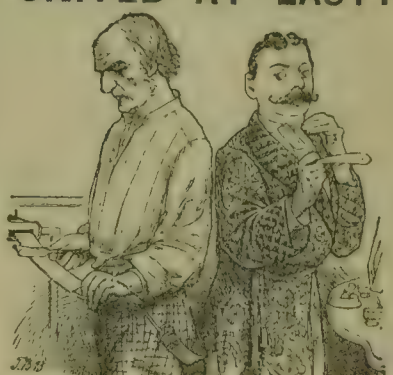
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# INDIAN COLONIAL EXHIBITION

## DOMINION OF CANADA

When, three centuries and a half ago, the French Breton navigator, Jacques Cartier, sailed up the River St. Lawrence, and founded the settlements of Quebec, at "Stadacona," and Montreal, at "Hochelaga," the name of "Canada," in the native Indian, signified a mere village of huts. Within our own recollection, its geographical signification was limited to the two colonial provinces of Quebec, or Lower Canada, and Ontario, or Upper Canada, extending to the shores of Lake Huron. By the Confederation of British North America, legalised in 1867, and by the subsequent adhesion of all the other British colonies, except Newfoundland, Canada has come to denote the whole breadth of the Western Continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, under the sovereignty of Queen Victoria, stretching, with the adjacent islands, nearly four thousand miles from east to west, containing an area of 3,610,000 square miles, thirty times the size of Great Britain and Ireland. Its southern boundary, contiguous with that of the United States Republic, is marked by the northern frontier lines of Maine, New Hampshire,

Vermont, and the State of New York, by the St. Lawrence, the broad waters of Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, Lake Huron, and Lake Superior, by a line traced between Minnesota and the Province of Manitoba, to the Lake of the Woods, and thence by the 49th degree of north latitude to the Strait of Georgia, which separates Vancouver Island from the mainland of British Columbia. The settled and inhabited region along this immense line from east to west, not taking account of the vast and desolate northern regions towards the Arctic latitudes, consists now of eight provinces or political divisions—the Province of Nova Scotia, a peninsula of the Atlantic coast; the Province of New Brunswick; Prince Edward Island; the Province of Quebec; the Province of Ontario; the Province of Manitoba; the North-West Territories, divided into Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta; and the Province of British Columbia, including Vancouver Island. Their respective populations in 1881 were as follows:—Nova Scotia, 440,572; New Brunswick, 321,233; Prince Edward Island, 108,891; Quebec, 1,359,027; Ontario, 1,923,228; Mani-

toba, 65,954; North-West Territories, 56,146; British Columbia, 49,459; making a total of 4,324,810; but, during the past five years, these numbers, especially in Manitoba, the North-West Territories, and British Columbia, have been greatly increased, so that the total population of Canada is now about five millions.

The two Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, containing nearly three millions and a half of the population, with the chief commercial cities, those of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, being more advanced in cultivation and manufacturing industries, form hitherto the most important part of Canada from a social and political point of view; but the enormous natural resources of Manitoba and the North-Western Territories, with their vast extent of fertile soil, and the mines, forests, and fisheries of British Columbia, with its seaports and harbours on the Pacific, may in time have equal importance. This result will henceforth be accelerated by the recent completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is now open for traffic all the way to the seacoast of British Columbia, a



THE CANADIAN GRAIN, FRUIT, AGRICULTURAL, AND FOREST TROPHY, IN THE EAST TRANSEPT OF THE CENTRAL COURT.



distance of 2895 miles from Montreal, traversing Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Alberta, a thousand miles of open plains or prairies capable of immense agricultural production.

The political constitution of these federated British Colonies is the freest and best in the world. Each Province has a Legislature for the management of its separate affairs; while the Dominion Parliament, meeting at the Federal capital, the city of Ottawa, consists of a Senate and a House of Commons, representing the Provinces, in exact proportion. The Senators are appointed for life by the responsible Government of the Dominion, and must be residents in the Provinces for which they are nominated. The House of Commons consists of 206 members, elected by popular suffrage, and the Ministry is dependent on their Parliamentary support. The Governor-General, sent from England, is a representative of Constitutional Monarchy, which reigns, but does not really govern. There are Lieutenant-Governors, appointed by the responsible Dominion Government, for the several Provinces, who occupy a similar position with regard to the Provincial Legislatures.

The city of Montreal, on the river St. Lawrence, is a thousand miles from the open Atlantic ocean, but presents accommodation, in summer, for any kind or amount of maritime traffic. The largest ocean steamships can ascend the river, and lie at its wharves or in its basins; those of the Allan Lines, from Liverpool and Glasgow, are unsurpassed for good passenger accommodation in the short voyage at the favourable time of the year. The city population is 173,000, being the largest of Canadian towns. Here is the great Victoria railway bridge, two miles long, crossing the St. Lawrence, in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway system, by which Canada is entered from the seaports of Portland or Halifax, the intercolonial line joining Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with Quebec and Montreal. The fine hill of Mount Royal, 550 ft. high, overlooks the city, which is adorned with a magnificent cathedral and with many stately edifices. The old city of Quebec, 160 miles lower down the river, has picturesque attractions and historical associations equal to the famous cities of Europe; here, upon the "Heights of Abraham," General Wolfe gained his memorable victory of

The agricultural wealth of this part of Canada, though essentially different from the vast wheat-growing plains of the North-West, is already considerable. It is the result of large employment of skill and capital. Stock-breeding, dairy operations, and fruit-growing have been found most profitable. In particular, Canada has rapidly become one of the greatest cheese-exporting countries in the world. The export has grown from 1,500,000 lb. in 1868 to 85,000,000 lb. in 1885, valued at 8,500,000 dols., eight times the quantity exported by the United States. Butter also was exported to over a quarter of a million sterling, and eggs to the enormous number of over 11,500,000 dozen. All these exports go mainly to the United Kingdom. It is worthy of note that within very recent years animals and their produce have taken a more important place in Canadian exports than agricultural produce itself. In 1882 the proportion to the whole exports of home produce was:—Agricultural produce, 35·61; animals and their products, 21·72; forest products, 26·56; fisheries, 8·17; products of the mine, 3·42. In 1885 the proportion was:—Agricultural produce, 25·08; animals and their products, 32·02; products of the forest, 24·06; fisheries, 9·13; products of the mine, 4·17. The export of beaves in 1877 was 25,357; in 1885 it was 143,000; of sheep in 1877, 141,187; in 1885, 335,000. There seems, indeed, to be constant fluctuation in the export of agricultural produce. For example, in 1868 we find it 12,870,000 dols.; in 1874, 27,568,000 dols.; in 1877, over 19,000,000 dols.; in 1882, 35,589,000 dols.; in 1884, 18,000,000 dols.; and in 1885, 19,000,000 dols. On the other hand, the exports of animals and their produce show a constant increase from 6,893,000 dols. in 1868, to 26,500,000 dols. in 1885. Manitoba alone in 1885 exported nearly a million dollars' worth of animal produce, whereas the export of agricultural produce fell from 41,420 dols. in 1880 to 653 dols. in 1884, rising to only 5500 dols. in 1885. But 1884 seems to have been a most disastrous year for agriculture all over the Dominion. Cattle are increasing in numbers much more rapidly than sheep. At the Census of 1881 there were nearly three and a half million

commerce. Thus will Canada, spanning the North American Continent, repeat in many instances, with equal opportunity, the varied successful achievements of the United States, and become, we trust, in friendly rivalry of peaceful enterprise, another great English-American nation. How great an honour to the English race, including the Scottish and the Irish, it will be to have filled the Western world with men of our kindred, speaking our own language, and living in our own manner of life, with laws and liberties of English origin, carrying the best type of modern civilisation all round the terrestrial globe!

In terminating this hasty sketch of the "Dominion of Canada," we would say a word of approval of the instructive and useful "Guide-Book," containing precise information for intending settlers, which is published by the Official Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, and which may be got for a shilling at the Exhibition. It is furnished with a Map, and is embellished with many beautiful wood-engravings of the scenery of Canada, the cities and towns, and their public buildings. The chapters on Canada in the volume, entitled "Her Majesty's Colonies," issued by the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition, may be studied with equal profit. Books relating to Canada which are not of the most recent date cannot so well be relied upon for Colonial statistics.

#### THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

"Jess," Mr. Haggard's serial novel in the *Cornhill*, enjoys the advantage of a picturesque background. Scenery and people in South Africa are alike interesting, and there seems a special propriety in a colonial novel in the year of the Colonial Exhibition. We therefore anticipate great popularity for "Jess," though the charm consists more in the colouring than in the substance of the old, old story of villainy versus love. "How I Rose from Cow-Boy," concluded in this number, is remarkable for the accurate knowledge displayed of agricultural and other social conditions rather than for any special interest in the narrative. "Miss Callogg of Callogg" is a pretty though slight tale. The papers on "Diamonds," "Billiards," and the Oybin Mountain in Bohemia are in the usual style of *Cornhill* light literature; the last named contains a first-rate legend of treasure-seeking. "New Eyes of Science" draws a brilliant picture of the results which may be expected from the application of photography to astronomical research.

"After the Battle," the leading article in the *Contemporary Review*, is a survey of the recent election, by an Irish Home Ruler, who thinks that the ground chosen by the late Ministry was all right; and by an English Nonconformist, who would evidently be much relieved if he could venture to say that it was all wrong. The contrast is instructive. Sir C. G. Duffy does not care for the Liberal party except as a means to his end; and Mr. Guinness Rogers does not care over much for Sir C. G. Duffy's end except as a platform for the Liberal party. Professor Harnack's review of recent "Research in Early Church History" is a most masterly and valuable account of the progress which has been made both by the actual discovery of new documents and the sounder appreciation of documents already known. "The Natural History of Credit" shows, from reports submitted to the American Government, the enormous preponderance of credit in the business of the world, and investigates the reason for the rule that "growers'" products are cash articles, and manufacturers' products credit ones. In an essay fancifully entitled "Perigot," Vernon Lee not unjustly reproves the tendency of critics to exaggerate Shakespeare's psychological profundity, but goes too far into the other extreme in discerning no difference between the careless sketch of Claudius in "Hamlet," and the subtle analysis of the deterioration of a fine nature in Macbeth.

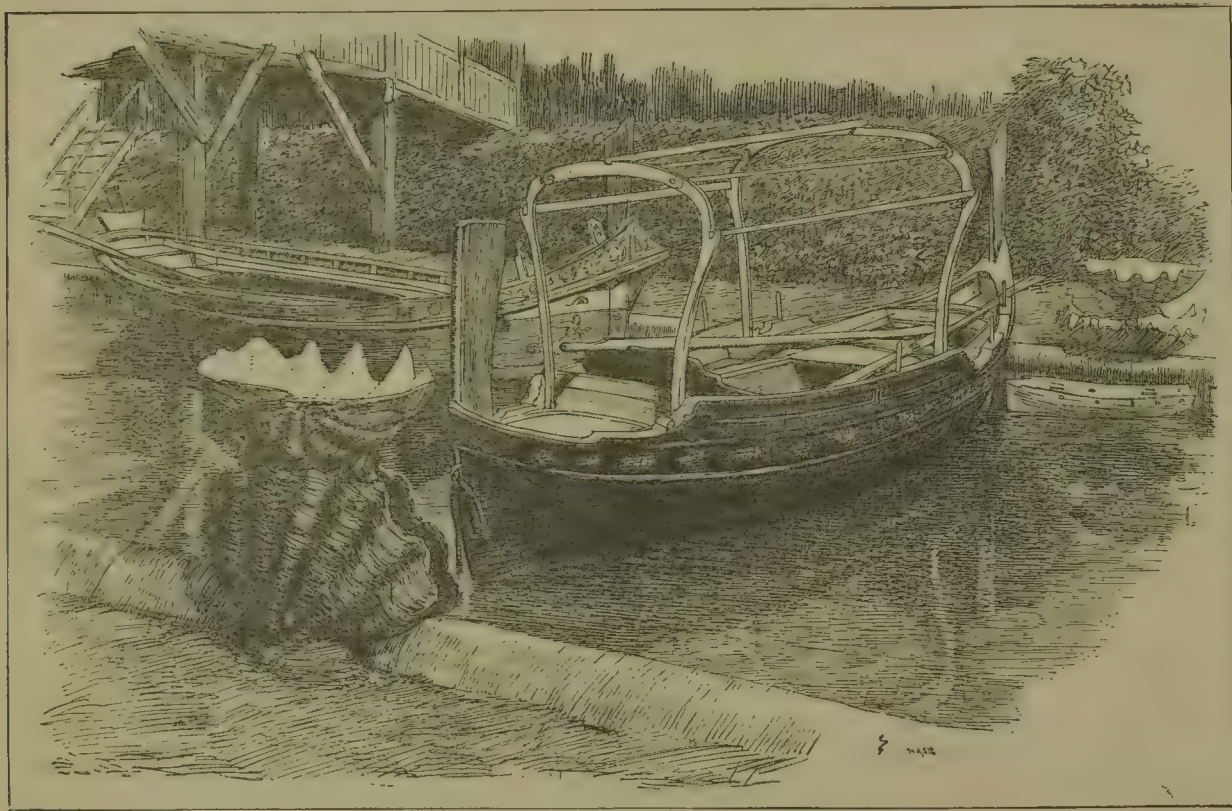
The *National Review* has to a great extent shaken off the incubus of party politics in its present number. We cannot grudge the editor one discourse on "Party or Empire"; nor will we grudge Mr. Mallock the sermon which concludes his novel, seeing that it *does* conclude it. Lord Egerton of Tatton contributes a valuable paper on the existing agricultural depression. He does not expect that, after all, rents will generally fall below the average of 1845-55. The authoress of "Vera" contributes a lively sketch of M. Pasteur, in whose methods of arresting hydrophobia she has more faith than Mr. Archer can place in any nostrum for arresting what he regards as the degeneracy of English actresses. Mr. A. G. Bradley's account of Alexander Hamilton is careful and accurate, but concludes with a singular mistake. Aaron Burr did not die in "a garret in London," but in respectable lodgings in Staten Island.

The *Fortnightly Review*, as usual of late, is deficient in weighty articles. There are good things in Mr. Mahony's Irish paper; but he deals too largely in figurative language. Mr. Arthur Arnold thinks that Lord Hartington may yet lead the Liberal party; but holds out no prospect that Mr. Gladstone's followers will come over to his Lordship, who certainly cannot come over to them. Mr. Gordon Grey's scheme for assigning marks for physical qualifications in competitive examinations is both uncalled for and impracticable. "Greek Peasant Life" and "Switzerland as a Holiday Resort" are entertaining papers of the lighter class.

With the exception of Mr. Hardy's elegant "Woodlanders," full of graceful little vignettes of rustic life, but decidedly slow, not to say dragging, in action, *Macmillan* for this month has nothing of conspicuous merit. A paper on La Fontaine has length, but wants interest. Papers on Charles Lamb and Mr. Froude's "Oceana" would have possessed more interest if their themes had been treated at greater length. Mr. Goldwin Smith's voice has been overstrained, and his "election notes" are hoarse as the song of the July blackbird. The best thing in the number, after Mr. Hardy's fiction, is "Ballairai Durg," an exciting Indian tale.

The *English Illustrated* has two good papers, one treating of old Leicester Fields, the other of old Chester. The apparent craziness of the ancient tenements, as depicted in the engravings, begets an apprehension that Cestrian picturesqueness may not endure much longer.

This month's *Nineteenth Century* boasts a Royal contributor, Prince Carl of Sweden and Norway, whose account of Indian sport is very readable. More general interest, however, will be taken in the political articles. Mr. Dicey impresses upon Liberal Unionists the duty of keeping Mr. Gladstone out at any cost, even the cost of becoming Tories; Mr. Julian Sturgis, drawing a portrait of the Liberal leader required by the exigencies of the party, manages with much ingenuity to reproduce the lineaments of Mr. Chamberlain; and Mr. John Macdonald, perhaps unintentionally, promotes the same end by a glowing and not-untruthful picture of the benefits conferred on Birmingham by Mr. Chamberlain's municipal administration. Mr. E. Wakefield, a member of the New Zealand Parliament, vigorously assails Mr. Froude's picture of the Colonies. It is certainly odd that Mr. Froude should apparently have consorted with no New Zealander but the giant Pope of New Zealand politics, Sir George Grey. Mr. Carill, discussing the "happiness" of the "brute" creation, courageously maintains that the animal pleasures surpass the intellectual, a proposition which most people able to read will receive with simple amazement.



CANADIAN BOATS.

1759, wresting Canada from the French dominion; here is the great military fortress, the stronghold of the British Empire in North America; and in the neighbourhood, or easily accessible by steam-boats, is the grandest scenery of Lower Canada, on the shores of the River and of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with the sublime cliffs of the Saguenay river. Quebec alone is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. It has also much commercial importance, derived from the "lumber" or timber trade. The population of this Province is in great part French and Irish, and the prevailing religion is Roman Catholic; but it is quite as loyal as the rest of Canada.

The Province of Ontario, comprising the northern shores of the great Lakes, and the peninsula, the "Garden of Canada," inclosed between Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron, is highly favoured by Nature, this peninsula enjoying a comparatively mild climate; and its towns and agricultural districts are in a very flourishing condition. It confronts, on the opposite Lake shores, the prosperous American States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, with which it well bears comparison in social progress. Its population of two millions is thoroughly British; and none of our colonial communities present a more cheering example of the benefit of English laws and English manners, with as ample freedom and local self-government as the citizens of any country may desire to exercise. The Provincial Legislature is a single elective Assembly, without any Senate or Second Chamber. There is, of course, no aristocracy, and no Established Church, but the tone of public life is English, and the people, of all classes, are proud of their country and proud of their connection with our own. In skill and industry, applied to manufactures of the highest finish and taste, as well as to farming, cattle-breeding, wheat-growing, and fruit-growing, they are not excelled by the best products of England; witness the present Exhibition, with its textile fabrics, decorative furniture, and those beautiful pianofortes which gained for Toronto, as we notice in a separate article, the high approval of the late Abbé Liszt. Canada is manifestly destined to become a great manufacturing country, and we rejoice in the fact, notwithstanding our objection to her protective tariff, believing that there is room in the world for the skilful industry of all honest workmen. Toronto, once called York, pleasantly situated on the western shore of Lake Ontario, is a thriving city, the population of which, including suburbs, now exceeds 100,000, and which is dignified with ecclesiastical, academical, literary, and social institutions of high repute. The town of Kingston, at the east end of Lake Ontario, near where the river St. Lawrence begins its course, and those of Hamilton, London, and others in the southern peninsula, are like our good secondary towns in England, but with great promise of increasing importance.

cattle, as compared with 2,700,000 in 1871, whereas sheep during the same period declined from above 3,200,000 to 3,000,000, and swine from 1,500,000 to 1,200,000. To judge from the Census figures of 1881 oats bulk much more largely in Canadian agriculture than wheat. In that year the total crop of oats amounted to 70,000,000 bushels, while that of wheat was only 32,000,000, and all other grain 48,500,000 bushels. The total produce of root crops was 104,000,000 bushels.

Either crossing Lake Superior by the steam-boat, or travelling by the new railway along its northern shores, and thence over the rocky forest country of Eastern Manitoba, we may reach the new city of Winnipeg, at the junction of the Assiniboine with the Red River. The Fort Garry Station of the Hudson's Bay Company has in sixteen years grown into a flourishing town, the provincial capital, a very busy place, the centre of what will hereafter become one of the most productive agricultural regions on earth. It is probable, however, that the export corn trade of the future will go eastward from this centre by the Montreal route, and not by the outlet which some have imagined in Hudson's Bay; the latter, indeed, would be much shorter, and a railway could be made to Port Nelson, but the navigation of Hudson's Strait, even for six weeks in summer, would not always be found practicable. Farther west, both on the Canadian Pacific Railway and on the great navigable river Saskatchewan, many important towns are likely to arise, the trade of which must converge to Winnipeg and its neighbour Selkirk. There is room enough in that region, and there is good soil enough, with a fine, bracing, healthy climate, for many millions of laborious husbandmen tilling their own land; and we should like at once to give freeholds there, with houses, stock, and seed, and with provision for the Roman Catholic clergy and schools, to a million of the poor Irish peasantry who are starving in Galway, in Donegal, in Clare, and in Kerry, and whose misery cannot be helped by "Home Rule" while they stay in Ireland. On and on westward, over the Rocky Mountains, the new railway climbs and runs into the forest-covered highlands of British Columbia, which is a country abounding in valuable timber, rich veins of metallic ores—gold, silver, lead, and iron—and coal, and animals both of land and water, yielding products of great commercial worth; the fisheries of its rivers, and of the numerous inlets of the sea, are of inestimable value. It presents, in fact, the same gifts of Nature as the Atlantic Provinces, New Brunswick, Lower Canada, and in Nova Scotia, but apparently in greater abundance, and it enjoys a more genial climate. The trade of the Pacific Ocean will be open to the western ports of the Canadian Dominion; Japan and China, all Eastern Asia, South America on that side, New Zealand and Australia, and the world of islands in tropical seas, will be visited by its maritime



*Blackwood* gives a pleasant number, with no very special feature of interest, unless it be the duel in "Sarracinesca," which is exceedingly well described. Mr. Oliphant's recollections of Washington and Canada thirty years ago are entertaining; and so are Mr. Shand's notes of an Irish tour, though their slightness suggest that notes of an Irish residence would have been more valuable. The pretty tale of "Don Angelo's Stray Sheep" is happily concluded. The little that *Middle* Weiss has to tell us about Ranke is so charming that we wish it more.

The best contribution to *Longman's Magazine*, after the continuation of Mr. Besant's "Children of Gibeon," is also a story of a single combat—"Prince Cosco's Duel," by Mr. W. E. Norris, a comedy with a touch of pathos. Mr. Grant Allen's "Thistles" and the Rev. J. H. Overton's paper on Bamfborough Castle are agreeable reading.

The *Century* is, as usual, rich in illustrated papers, the most important of which are those descriptive of Heidelberg, Algiers, and the very interesting movement for artistic culture in the North-Western States. Mr. Frank Stockton is trying his hand at a Robinson Crusoe-like story, as yet only commenced. The military contributions give the history of the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg. *Harper* continues "Springhaven" and "Their Pilgrimage," and has a paper on that very popular class of men, the captains of the Transatlantic steamers, illustrated with capital portraits. "The City of the Strait" is a good account of Detroit, with a portrait of its popular humourist, C. B. Lewis, better known as "M. Quad." The chief contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly* is the continuation of Charles Egbert Craddock's brilliant Tennessee fiction, "In the Clouds."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has a brief but important article by Mr. J. A. Farrer on the necessity, in the interest of this country, for exempting private property from capture at sea; a striking, and in some respects painful, sketch of the "meteoric career" of Charles Dillon, by Mr. John Coleman; and an essay by Dr. Japp on the unconscious self-revelations of De Quincey, full of delicate insight. *Belgravia*, as usual, is strong in short stories. "My First Resurrection" is a good specimen of the dreadful, and "Farewell" of the diverting class. *Time* discusses the revolt against Mr. Gladstone, the history of the University of Heidelberg, the industrial resources of Ireland, and the grievances of the Civil Service. *Temple Bar* has good biographic sketches of King Louis of Bavaria and Verdi, and a curious extravaganza, entitled "By the Underground Railway." The *Theatre*, besides its budget of varied and interesting contents, contains photographic portraits of Lady Monckton in the character of the injured wife in Sir Charles Young's play "Jim, the Penman"; and of those clever players from America, Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert, in "A Night Off."

We have also received London Society, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, Moniteur de la Mode, Season, Ladies' Treasury, Le Follet, Fores's Sporting Notes, Loose Rein, Argosy, Illustrations, Cassell's Family Magazine (containing an excellent portrait of the Queen), Good Words, The Quiver, Indian Magazine, Red Dragon, Picturesque Europe, United Service Magazine, Forum, Harper's Young People, St. Nicholas, and others.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"The Eve of the Festa" is the title of a cantata for female voices, composed by Ernest Ford to text by M. Mark Lemon. A slight thread of plot serves as the vehicle for a series of pieces for two soloists, and choruses of maidens and water-spirits, in which there is much grace of vocal melody that will recommend the cantata in amateur circles. Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., are the publishers, as also of two pleasing songs, "Liebe, liebe, ach die Liebe" (the words translated from the Hungarian of Alex. Petöfi); and "O hur Vidgas ej ditt bröst" (text from the Swedish), both composed by Miss M. V. White, who has produced two very characteristic pieces, worthy of the reputation of Miss White as a successful song-composer. The same publishers also issue a transcription for the pianoforte by Mr. Oscar Beringer, of a "Pastorale" and "Allegro" by Nardini, the celebrated violinist of the last century. Mr. Beringer has amplified and elaborated the themes with modern surroundings, so as to give additional interest to the antique original. Copious fingering adds to the value of the piece for teaching purposes.

"Original Compositions for the Organ" (Novello, Ewer, and Co.) comprise movements of various kinds by contemporary organists, chiefly English; some few being extracts from the "Organists' Quarterly Journal," edited by Dr. Spark, of Leeds.

From Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. we also have a cantata, "The Bonnie Fish-wives," for female voices, by M. B. Foster. Solos for soprano and contralto, a duet for the two, and choral pieces, make up a work of moderate length, in which there is much tuneful writing, well adapted for drawing-room performance.

From the same publishers we have Nos. 3 and 4 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s "Albums for Violin and Pianoforte"; the first of which is devoted to ten transcriptions from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the other comprising the same number of arrangements from Gounod's "Mors et Vita." The adaptations, in each case, have been effectively made by Mr. Berthold Tours.

Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co. have issued a "Te Deum Laudamus," composed by F. Tolkien, in commemoration of the jubilee of her Majesty. It contains some good writing in the strict and free styles.

## ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held on the 5th inst., at its house, John-street, Adelphi, the report of the special committee appointed to consider the desirability and feasibility of propelling life-boats by steam was received and adopted. The report stated that this committee had carefully investigated the merits of all the models and drawings bearing on the subject shown at the Liverpool Exhibition, and had also examined the coxswain superintendents of the principal life-boat stations where tugs are employed for towing the boats; further, that the coxswains in question were unanimous in condemning the idea of a steam life-boat, giving it as their opinion that the employment of a tug, where necessary, is decidedly preferable to having steam applied to the life-boat itself. In view of all the circumstances, the special committee were unable to recommend the adoption of any pattern of steam life-boat at present. During the current year the institution has been instrumental, by its life-boats and by other means for which it has granted rewards, in saving 293 lives, in addition to rescuing thirteen vessels from destruction. Payments amounting to £2348 were made on the 292 life-boat establishments of the institution. New life-boats have been sent to Sheringham, Norfolk, and Fethard, Waterford.

Sir T. Spencer Wells, Bart., has accepted the presidency of the Sanitary Congress, to be held in the city of York, commencing Sept. 21 next.

## HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

### NANCY.—JEAN LAMOUR'S IRON-WORK.

Summer travel is perhaps a dangerous element to introduce into life. From trip to trip it finally develops into a thirst for cosmopolitan vagabondage, which causes uneasiness, like that of birds of passage held prisoners at the season of migration, if, perchance, some circumstance or duty prevents departure. One knows that all kinds of worry and fatigue, and even peril, are in store; one leaves with regret friends, and home, and habits of comfort; and yet one starts, curious to read new pages in the book of the planet on which we gravitate. For is it not culpable laziness to be always spelling over the same word and never to turn the leaf? And so here I am en route for the land of the Teuton, the Magyar and the Turk, unhampered by any circular ticket or preconceived programme; and my first halt is Nancy, the old capital of King Stanislas Leckzinski, Duke of Lorraine and of Bar, who, after abdicating the throne of Poland in 1737, resided in Lorraine until his death, in 1766, when the Duchy fell to the crown of France.

Nancy is a very grand-looking town, with broad streets, squares, gardens, promenades, and handsome eighteenth-century buildings, which all record its former splendour as a capital. There are statues, and Gothic churches and ducal palaces, and historical monuments of great interest, about which the guide-books give the necessary information. But it was not for the sake of seeing churches and palaces that I came to Nancy, but simply to see the work of one of the most wonderful forgers of iron that ever lived, I mean Jean Lamour. In many streets of Nancy one sees balconies and gates made by Lamour, but his great work is in the Place Stanislas, an architectural ensemble absolutely unique. Imagine a rectangle, 400 ft. by 310 ft., with openings at the four corners and at three other points. On the north side the whole breadth is taken up with the Hôtel de Ville, the façade of which is enriched with fourteen balconies in forged iron of extreme richness. At each end of the façades, the entrances to the streets are formed by richly ornamented palisading, adorned with trophies and emblems and potences, with hanging lamps. The Place Stanislas is really hexagonal in form, the corners being filled in, or, as the French say, *à pans coupés*. On one side is the Townhall, as we have seen; and on the other three sides are large houses constructed on a uniform plan, after the manner of the Place Vendôme, at Paris. The façade, decorated with Corinthian pilasters, comprises two flats above the ground floor, with lofty windows and elegant wrought-iron balconies. The two corners opposite the Hôtel de Ville are occupied by Lamour's beautiful iron pilasters and cornices, wrought, as it were, into colossal filigree-work, and forming a triplet of arches, in which are placed fountains modelled by Barthélemy Guibal, and representing Neptune and Amphitrite, with attendant mermen and mermaids. Behind and through each triplet of arches trees and masses of verdure are visible, forming a sombre background, against which the outlines of the design and the gilded ornaments of the iron-work stand out in brilliant relief. Finally, in the centre of the square, is an equestrian statue of King Stanislas. This square is one of the most complete and charming compositions that can be imagined; the buildings around it by the architect Emmanuel Heré are superb, and the open ironwork, pilasters, and friezes which link these edifices together are magnificent beyond description. When I say that these iron filigree pilasters and their ornate cornices rise to a height of forty feet, the reader will be able to form an idea of the grandiose and monumental character of the work, and to understand how great an event its completion was. Not only at Nancy, but at Paris, everybody was talking about the great *serrurier* of King Stanislas, and Servandoni, the architect of Saint Sulpice, made a journey to Nancy expressly to see Lamour's *grilles* and balconies, and when he saw them he confessed that he could never have believed that smiths' work could be carried to such a degree of perfection. And yet the forging of iron into beautiful forms is an art in which the French have always excelled. In the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, Rouen, and Paris we see screens and hinges which record the old Gothic smiths' delight in graceful form inspired by the observation of nature, and at the same time their prodigious skill in bending the hard metal to all the caprices of their exuberant fancy. In the sixteenth century the smiths vied with the jewellers in the delicacy of their wrought and engraved iron, of which the splendid gates of the Gallery of Apollo, in the Louvre, are fine specimens. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the smith's art was held in high esteem, and contributed greatly to the beauty and adornment of civil architecture, flourishing brilliantly until the invention of cast-iron and nineteenth-century ideas of cheapness and economy caused the beautiful art of *fer forgé* to fall into decay. Happily, the art has been revived, and at present France possesses smiths who are in no way inferior to their glorious ancestors. And so old Jean Lamour is once more becoming famous, and his biography has just been written by M. Cournault for the series of *Artistes Célèbres* now being published by the journal *L'Art*. Unfortunately, information is scanty. Jean Lamour was born in 1698, succeeded his father as smith to the town, spent some time in Paris perfecting himself in drawing, and in 1738 became smith to King Stanislas, and executed the wonderful works which remain to perpetuate his fame. He lived at Nancy all his life, prosperous, happy, and esteemed, and died in 1771. This is almost all that we know about Jean Lamour. His tomb, even, has disappeared.

The balustrades, balconies, and grilles of the Place Stanislas, by their immensity, the harmonious combination of their lines, the richness of their ornamentation, and the sumptuousness of their general aspect form in reality a vast page of architectural decoration rather than a piece of smith's work, properly so-called. All Lamour's work is in the Louis XV. style, but free from the contortions of line and curly mannerism of much of the design of the epoch; it has much of the elegance of the Louis XVI. style without the dryness; it is rich, delicate, and graceful, and so perfectly executed that one can scarcely believe that the whole was wrought with hammer and anvil out of sheet and bar iron, welded and riveted together so nicely that one almost needs a magnifying-glass to distinguish the joints.

Conscious of his merit and not unmindful of posthumous glory, Jean Lamour published a splendid folio volume on iron-work, full of admirable engravings of his masterpieces, accompanied by delightfully naïf text in which the author lavishes well-deserved compliments on himself. The book is entitled "Recueil des ouvrages de serrurerie que Stanislas le Bienfaisant, Roy de Pologne, Duc de Lorraine, et de Bar, a fait poser sur la Place Royale de Nancy, à la gloire de Louis le Bienaimé, composé et exécuté par Jean Lamour, son serrurier ordinaire, avec un discours sur l'art du serrurier et plusieurs autres dessins de son invention (1767)." This folio is a beautiful specimen of old topography, and one of the most ingenious of those precious treatises in which the great smiths of the past—like Mathurin Jousse and Robert Davesne—have laid down the bases and principles of their difficult art. T. C.

## A LOCH-SIDE SUNDAY.

A quarter to twelve. How quiet it is! Only the mellow note of a mavis sometimes in the oak woods, and the clear, high treble of a shelve, break on the stillness. The tinkle of the little village smithy, down there among the trees, is silent: it is the Day of Rest. There was a shower of rain in the early morning; it has laid the dust, and left the road firm and cool to the tread. Everything is refreshed: wild rosebuds, red and white, are everywhere opening after the shower; the yellow whin-blossom is softer and brighter; the delicate forget-me-nots have a lovelier blue; and beyond, in the shady spaces of the woods, the foxgloves raise their spires of drooping bells. The rain, too, has brought out afresh every wayside scent; the new-cut clover there in the meadow, the flowerless sweetbriar and clambering yellow honeysuckle here in the hedge, all fill the air with fragrance. The tide is out, almost at full ebb, and from the stony beach below sometimes the gentle swaying of the air brings up faintly the fresh smell of seaweed. The sun is very warm, and the last of the clouds, floating far up in the sky, are melting into the blue. The air is clear yet, though, and on the other side of the loch the sheep—small white dots—can be quite well seen feeding high up on the green patches of the mountain. A little later the heather will begin to bloom on these brown hill-sides, and the mighty Bens, seated yonder on their rugged thrones, will put on their Imperial purple. How calm the loch is down there, and how perfectly it reflects every detail of the opposite hills—shrub and heather and shieling! Even the white gull, circling slowly a yard above the water, casts its image on the glassy mirror. Out on the open firth, too, beyond the low-lying points at the mouth of the loch, the sea, like cloth of silver, glistens in the sun.

Hark! the bell on the roof of the little kirk here among the trees has begun to ring, and already, in groups of two and three, the people are coming along the lochside and down the road from the hills. These early arrivals mostly travel a long way to attend the service. From quiet farmhouses in lonely straths, and solitary shielings on the upland moors, some of the simple-hearted folk have wended for hours. Here are heavy-footed shepherds, shaggy-bearded and keen-eyed, in rough mountain tweed and flat (Glenarry) bonnets, grasping their long hazel staves, and accompanied, more than one of them, by a faithful old collie. There are comely lasses, of sun-browned pleasant features, and soft hill speech, in sober straw hats, strong boots, and serviceable dresses of homespun, with, perhaps, a keepsake kerchief in the bosom for a bit of colour. Over high stilts, across uneven stepping-stones, and through rugged glens of birch and rowan, they have made their way to attend the kirk here: Farmers from ten and twelve miles distance come jogging in with their wives and daughters in primitive two-wheeled conveyances, built for strength, and drawn by shaggy little Highland horses. Here, too, come the people from the village—bent old women, their wrinkled faces hidden under snowy linen mitches, and carrying in their hands, with the long-treasured Bible, a sprig of southernwood and sweetwilliam to smell at during sermon; the big-bearded, big-handed blacksmith, looking wonderfully clean for once; the lithe, saw-toothed tailor, and the widow who keeps the store. All linger in the sunny graveyard among the moss-grown stones, and while the beadle in the porch keeps ringing the bell, greetings are exchanged among friends who meet here once a week from distant ends of the parish. The game-keeper has a word to say to the pier-master, the schoolmistress comes up talking with the housekeeper from the castle, the old men exchange snuff-boxes with solemn nods, and young McKenzie, who is expecting to be made the Duke's forester, takes the opportunity of getting near and whispering something to the blacksmith's pretty daughter.

Presently, however, they all move into the kirk, dropping their "collection" as they pass, upon the plate in the porch, where two Deacons stand to watch it. Inside, all is very still, though a swallow that has flown in and skims about the roof gives an occasional chirrup, and the regular rhythm of the bell is faintly heard. The doors are open, yet the sunshine, falling in on the yellow walls, makes the air very warm, and through the clear lattice windows the cattle in the glebe close by can be seen whisking the flies from their sides under the larches. The old precentor has just come in from the vestry with his list of the psalm-tunes, and in his seat under the pulpit is polishing his spectacles by way of preparation. At last the bell stops, the beadle carries in bible and psalm-book, and, after a moment's pause, the minister, in ample black gown and white neck-bands, reverently enters and ascends the pulpit.

All is perfectly still for a minute while he bows his head, and then in a low tremulous voice he reads the verses of the rhymed psalm that is to be sung. The precentor leads off the singing, for there is no organ, and as he beats time with his tuning-fork, the praise that ascends, if not perhaps of perfect harmony, is at least sincere. Pulpit and pew have been occupied and passed from father to son for generations; memories of the past and hopes of the future alike gather here, and the place is sacred to them all. When the minister has read and prayed—a solemn extempore prayer—and they have sung again, the sermon, the principal part of the service, begins. The opening of the discourse is like the peaceful morning hour of summer. It is the calm, dispassionate statement of truth. Has this no effect? Their minds must be moved by fear. Cloud after cloud rolls up into the sky: the preacher is marshalling the battalions of his argument. Darker and darker they become. No ray of hope can pierce that leaden heaven. All deepens to the gloom of despair. Joy has fled; the twitter of little birds is still. There comes a sharp question—a flash of lightning; then, in a thunder roll of denunciation, argument after argument overwhelms the sinner: the clouds are rent, earth trembles, rain falls. Are the hearers not awed? They must be stirred by gratitude. The thunders cease, the storm sweeps past, the clear light of hope shines again upon earth, a lark flutters up into the sky, and the last clouds of fear are melted afar into the rugged gold of sunset. The sermon is ended. Those who were not moved by reason, awed by terror, or inspired by hope, have been thrilled by the earnestness of the preacher. The final prayer is short, condensing and putting in practical form the aspirations of the sermon, not neglecting, either, to stir pity "for all we love, the poor, the sad, the sinful." A "paraphrase" is sung with renewed fervour, and a solemn benediction ends the service.

Slowly the congregation melts out of the kirk. It has been very close inside, and the faint air moving out of doors is most refreshing. The tide is flowing in now with a gentle ripple on the beach, and the little boat at anchor off-shore has drifted round with the current. The sun is striking the west side of the mossy tombstones, the shadows of the trees have shifted on the grass, and all traces of the morning shower have disappeared. The people linger yet a little about the graveyard to talk over points of the sermon. Presently the minister comes out of the vestry, and, stopping here and there to say a kindly word to some of the old folk, who are pleased by the attention, passes across the glebe to the pleasant white manse resting, with deep eaves, among its fuschias and rose-trees.

G. L. T.



## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: THE DOMINION OF CANADA.



SITTING BULL, A SIOUX CHIEF OF CANADA.



A SWAMP INDIAN OF CANADA.

## A RAMBLE THROUGH CANADA.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen proved a true prophet when, prior to the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, he pointed out that, comparatively empty though the Canadian courts were then, the Dominion of Canada would be richly and fully represented in good time, and that the exhibits from the North American possessions of the Queen would be among the most interesting and valuable features of the Imperial Museum at South Kensington. Canada commands attention, indeed, on the very threshold. Once in the eastern entrance-hall, the visitor has before him alluring proof of the growing prosperity in the panorama of wall pictures to the right of the City and Harbour of St. John, New Brunswick; of picturesque

Quebec, with a population of 65,000; Montreal, 173,000; Ontario's fine Cities of Ottawa, with 31,000 inhabitants, and of Toronto, 125,000; Manitoba's thriving City of Winnipeg, 25,000; and the beautifully situated City of Victoria, British Columbia, with a population of 9000. That arts and manufactures flourish in the well-built cities which are justly the pride of Canadians, and that agriculturists and sportsmen find abundant crops and plenty of "big game" in the fertile lands and noble forests and rivers of the Dominion, which reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, will be readily realised by anyone who strolls through the well-stocked courts of Canada. All concerned in the arrangement and classification of the exhibits, from the Marquis of Lorne and Sir Charles Tupper (the indefatigable Executive Commissioner), and the joint secretaries, Mr.

Frederic J. S. Dore and Mr. Thomas Cross, to the civil and obliging representatives of the Canadian Government offices, notably Mr. C. Campbell Chipman, deserve every credit, and are doubtless repaid by the unquestionable attractiveness of the courts.

## THE AGRICULTURAL TROPHY,

at the eastern end of the Central Canadian Gallery, has been admired by every visitor, from her Majesty the Queen to the humblest mechanic. Artistically devised to display the rich varieties of timbers Canadian forests yield, the 1100 glass jars of brilliant-hued apples and pears, peaches, grapes, and other fruits, and the canned meats and fruits Canadians excel in, this magnificent trophy is appropriately crowned with sheaves



THE GAME AND FUR TROPHY IN THE CANADIAN COURT.



## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: THE DOMINION OF CANADA.



CROW EAGLE, A SIOUX CHIEF OF CANADA.



INDIAN WOMAN, 105 YEARS OLD (CREE TRIBE, CANADA.)

of luxuriant wheat and prairie grass, festooned with oats and corn, light and handy farming implements being placed here and there to typify the industry of Canadian agriculturists. Under this superb Peace and Plenty trophy will be found a series of photographs of Canadian trees, framed in their own woods.

Captain William Clark, the stalwart Scottish leader of the Winnipeg Rifles, having fought well against the rebels led by the crafty Louis Riel, has, happily, recovered from his wounds, and is here to be found ready and willing to dwell upon the vast agricultural wealth of Canada; a far-away look filling his blue eyes, as though he were gazing on the golden grain-fields of the North-West Provinces, whilst he calls attention to the 2600 specimens of wild plants of the Dominion sent by the Canadian Government, and treasured in a cabinet, and then refers with becoming pride to the samples of potatoes and cauliflowers, which attain immense growth. As a practical farmer, Captain Clark points with no less pride to the thousand open sacks of wheat, oats, barley, peas,

luck-wheat, maize, beans; to the small stand decked with the prairie grasses cattle revel in; to a sample of hops, all the way from Vancouver's Island; and to the sacks of fine flour, oatmeal, Indian corn meal, and linseed meal. Conducting you round to the north side of the commanding central trophy, Captain Clark shows the model of the Hon. W. Clifford's dairy farm in Manitoba, beneath the homely trophy of wooden pails and domestic appliances, and alludes to the farm in a tone which implies unmistakably that many a nobleman might do worse than follow the enterprising example of the Hon. W. Clifford. The exhibit of Canadian cheese by Jubal Webb, of High-street, Kensington, finds Captain Clark equally ready to point the moral and adorn the tale. "This is worth note," he says, and so it is: "In 1859, Canada imported 857,951 lb. of cheese. In 1885, Canada exported 86,579,834 lb.; and it will go to the Hundred Millions this year." Hard by is the case of sixty glass cylinders used by Government surveyors in Manitoba and the North-West to pierce the earth in order to ascertain

the nature of the soil and subsoil. Retracing our steps to the rear of the large Trophy, we come to an exhibit Mr. Chamberlain cannot have failed to be interested in the other day: Messrs. Pillow, Hersey, and Co.'s remarkably complete case of nails and screws from Montreal. To the left, customers are rarely lacking at the tin model of an Ice Palace, for Johnson's fluid beef is there dispensed by the comely girls in the blanket "snow-shoe costumes" actually worn in winter by Canadian belles. The tobacco stall of Messrs. Tuckett and Sons on the other side reminds Captain Clark that this firm sent a handsome gift of 6000 lb. of tobacco (a pound each) to the soldiers who took part in the Riel campaign.

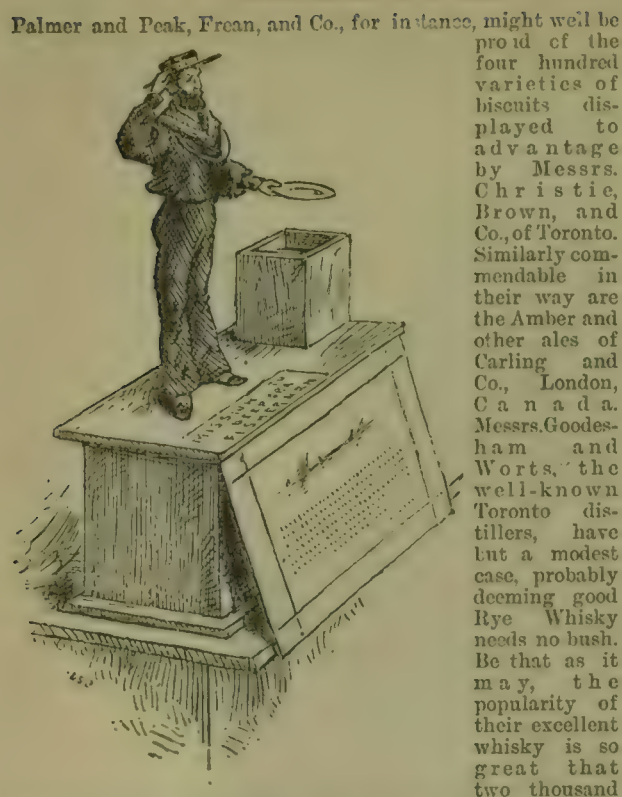
## CANADA'S MANUFACTURES,

which fill the Central Gallery from the Agricultural Trophy to the Game and Fur Trophy, are as noteworthy as the remarkable farming produce. The English firms of Huntley and



ICE PALACE AND WINTER SPORT IN CANADA.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. NOTMAN AND SON, MONTREAL.





cattle are fed from the grains of their distillery. A glance at the various food and clothing exhibits, too numerous to mention in detail, will make it clear that Canada is not far behind the mother country in these respects. The vivid photograph of a Canadian Ice Carnival by Notman and Son, Montreal, is only one of many admirable views of winter pastimes, in which Canadians seek recreation after the manner illustrated in one of our Engravings representing the Ice Palace, Tobogganing, and Snow-shoe Racing. The portraits of North American Indians, including the famous "Sitting Bull" chief, speak for themselves. According to Captain Clark, the Canadian Indians, as a rule, have a profound belief in the goodness of "the Great Mother," as they designate her Majesty the Queen, and rely with confidence upon her protection.

#### THE FOREST TROPHIES

in the middle of the Central Gallery should make Mr. Gladstone's hand itch to wield the woodman's axe in the Far West. Pause to examine the little court made of beautifully polished sections of the Douglas fir or Oregon pine of British Columbia—forest giants which grow to a height of over 200 ft. Within may be viewed a collection of clear photographs, proving to demonstration how comfortable travelling must be in the commodious saloons of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which in this holiday period of the year ought to induce hosts of British tourists to book passages across the North American Continent from ocean to ocean by this exceedingly picturesque line. As prime movers in this invaluable "iron road," Sir George Stephen and Sir Donald Smith are men whose portraits are rightly exhibited close by the views on the Canadian Pacific Railway. When you have duly scrutinised the features of the able Premier of the Dominion of Canada and of his genial and tactful Executive Commissioner, whilst Captain Clark has dilated on the personal merits of Sir John A. Macdonald, G.C.B., and of Sir Charles Tupper, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., there is another timber trophy to view. This is the valuable display of woods from New Brunswick, the trunks forming the base to support the framed specimens in panels, on each of which is a painting of the foliage and flower or fruit. A word of praise is but the due of Messrs. Howe, St. John, and Mr. Ira Cornwall, jun., Agent for the Province of New Brunswick, for their share in furnishing this highly serviceable forest trophy. Those interested in this section of the Exhibition will open their eyes in astonishment at the gigantic slab of Douglas fir, cut from a tree the girth of which was 25 ft. and the height 300 ft. This veritable patriarch of the forest (the colossal sample from which leans against the western wall of Canada's machinery department) exceeds in dimensions even the cedar trophy we have engraved—the British Columbian cedar, girth 21 ft., height 250 ft., which will be found in the adjacent carriage annexe.

#### THE GAME AND FUR TROPHY

is the finest structure of the kind ever exhibited; and never fails to draw a throng of gazers at the western end of the Canadian Central Gallery. With a few exceptions, the game was supplied by one of the most experienced and enthusiastic sportsmen in Canada, Mr. J. H. Hubbard, F.Z.S., President of the Manitoba Gun Club, a lynx-eyed Nimrod, and a genial and an obliging guide, to boot. The portion of this splendid trophy delineated by our Artist is the side facing east, the most conspicuous animal being the largest moose Mr. Hubbard has ever shot or seen, standing 18 hands 3½. Below are the noteworthy Canadian furs exhibited by the Hudson Bay Company and by Messrs. Renfrew, of Quebec, from which firm her Majesty graciously purchased a sable set. The Queen also bought a silver fox skin from the Hudson Bay collection. Many a fashionable lady has been similarly tempted to provide herself with warm Canadian furs for the winter. But the grand Hubbard array of "big game" has claimed greatest notice. A rover and keen marksman from his youth, Mr. J. H. Hubbard exhibits here abundant examples of his prowess. Very instructive is a chat with him about his sporting experiences in the Dominion. A native of Toronto, he is forty years of age, and is, in truth, a mighty hunter. He points to the woodland caribou as inhabiting in Manitoba the land lying between Lake Manitoba and Lake Winnipeg; the "meat is very good, when quite fat." Waxing eloquent on the moose, he says "the king deer, the giraffe of our forests, the finest deer in all the world, exceeds a horse in size, and is found in great numbers only about the south of Hudson Bay and in the region north of the Great Slave Lake." Mr. Hubbard considers the antelope "the sharpest-looking of all the deer species, and as affording magnificent sport, after you have once learnt its habits." The elk's chief strongholds are, he says, the foothills of "the Rockies" and the Valley of the Yellowstone. With the canvas-back duck, teal, bluebill, and other ducks, Mr. Hubbard is equally familiar, as he is with the Rocky Mountain goat and sheep, with *Ursus Americanus* (respecting the hunting of the "grizzly" species of which he lets drop serviceable hints), the white rabbit and prairie hare, and other animals to be found along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It should be mentioned that the Hubbard Natural History Trophy is supplemented by the extensive collection

of plumed birds and songsters of Canada from the Geological and Natural History Surveying Department, and by the large walrus, Polar bears, and seals furnished by the Fishery Department of Ottawa. The resources of the Island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as a sporting station are indicated in the cases to the north of the Hubbard Trophy; and samples of the handiwork of the Canadian Indians may be bought at the Indian Bazaar on the other side of this superlatively attractive exhibit.

The visitor now cannot do better than follow the path taken by the Queen past the obelisk representing the 50,000,000 dollars of gold produced by British Columbia during the past twenty-five years; past the conspicuous column of coal from the Wellington mines, Vancouver's Island, and into the side court to the left, stored with a beaver at work, and with Mr. Thomas A. Keefe's specimens of the mineral wealth of Ontario. Then, there is the obelisk of Nova Scotian gold, representing 7,495,401 dols. worth discovered up to the end of last year. The ceaseless rattle of the adjacent arcade full of agricultural machinery in motion is borne with patience, because there in action are to be viewed the most recent improvements to cheapen harvesting on a large scale. South of this instructive section is the richly furnished Educational Court, which shows that Canada can give a few lessons to our School Boards. In the adjoining Carriage Annexe, the fine team of Esquimaux dogs command attention, as well as the brilliant show of sleighs of all sizes. The sporting skills illustrated are afloat in one of the ponds. Finally, the Exhibition rambler should not omit to view the fishery and canoe exhibits of Canada, nor the oil and water-colour paintings by H.R.H. Princess Louise and other artists of mark in the Picture Gallery of the Albert Hall. Having inspected these and a multitude of other attractions, the visitor will loyally and cordially agree with her Majesty in holding the Canadian exhibits to be among the most instructive of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

#### NEW BOOKS.

A recent custom, more common in America than in this country, of enclosing a printed account of a book, in order, apparently, to save a critic the trouble of forming his own estimate of it, is one "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." Such enclosures are, of course, always laudatory, and, equally of course, not always trustworthy. We have received one of these criticisms with a volume, originally published in New York, entitled *Southern California*: by Theodore S. Van Dyke (Tribner and Co.), and, in spite of a natural prejudice against a system that savours of puffery, we are bound to say it is substantially correct. The book, to quote from this performance, is no doubt "handsomely made." It is impossible to read it without seeing that Mr. Van Dyke knows Southern California as White knew Selborne or as Scott knew the border country he loved so well. And the knowledge and love of the writer for his home are expressed with so much charm of style that the reader who travels over the land and examines its natural products in Mr. Van Dyke's company will wish it were possible to see for himself all that the traveller describes so graphically. There appears to be a mixture in the country of great barrenness with great fruitfulness. As a whole, Southern California is said to be miserably poor, one half of it being desert; nearly all that is barren, however, lies on the outside, while in the interior the mountain scenery is lovely, and the land in the plains highly fertile. Side by side are the products of two zones. "Immense vineyards of the tenderest grapes of Southern Spain or Italy, yielding five or six tons to the acre, lie by the side of fields of wheat, whose heads and berry far excel in size and fullness the finest ever seen in the famed fields of Minnesota or Dakota. Here the barley gives often a return that no Northern land can equal; and by its side the orange-tree outdoes its race in the farthest South, and keeps its fruit in perfection when those of other lands have failed." And in another place Mr. Van Dyke dwells on the peculiarity of a climate that produces in equal abundance the fruits, trees, and flowers of the temperate zone and those of the tropics. Some of the best chapters in the book are devoted to the birds of the country. Mr. Van Dyke is well known as a sportsman, but he has no love of the sport that is akin to butchery, and writes of the birds as friends, especially of the mountain quail, "with its 'innocent faith and trustful curiosity.' But the bird is anything but artless if it distrusts you, and its confidence, if once lost, is seldom regained that day. This quail, which differs from that of the valley, lays from twelve to fifteen eggs, of pure white, and its chicks 'are little gray flashes of energy, quite ready to run with half of the shell still clinging to their backs.' The lovely health-giving climate of Southern California is free in great measure from insect pests, but Mr. Van Dyke confesses to having found on one occasion a tarantula in his blanket, 'the most repulsive-looking thing imaginable,' and the country is by no means free from scorpions and rattlesnakes. The stroke of the latter, it is said, is too quick to dodge if one is within reach of it. 'They are dangerous even with the back broken, and can strike quite a distance when apparently dead.' Mr. Van Dyke has so much to say of interest that it would be easy to extract passage after passage, but the reader will probably thank us more for recommending to him a very interesting volume.

In two massive volumes, containing many illustrations, Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips publishes his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (Longmans). It is the sixth edition of a work full of curious and minute observation on a thousand points indirectly touching on the life of the poet. Everybody is aware that all that is known with certainty about Shakespeare might be related in a few pages; but the dramatist lived at Stratford and in London, married, had children, wrote plays and acted in them, bought property and was a careful man of business; and out of these simple facts, and by the aid of legal documents and other sources of knowledge, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips has managed to bring together much curious information. The first volume deals more directly with the biography of the poet, based, of course, in large measure upon what we know of the times; and the second volume contains records of estates "in which it is known that Shakespeare had at any time of his life, either contingent or absolute interests," extracts from the Stratford register, an account—necessarily scanty—of the poet's neighbours, the "History of New Place," a record of the Hathaway families, and a large number of illustrative notes. The writer has evidently no great opinion of what he calls "aesthetic criticism," which includes, apparently, all that has been written on the dramatist by men like Schlegel and Gervinus, like Goethe and Coleridge; and he maintains, notwithstanding the remarkable expressions in the sonnets, that the poet thought little of posthumous fame, and was far more intent upon getting money. He was, we are told, a practical man of business, who, within certain limits, regulated his art by expediency, and wrote "with a constant reference to the immediate effect of his dramas upon the theatrical public of his own day," and it may reasonably be expected, the writer adds, "that there is not one of them which is the result of an express or cherished literary design." Indeed, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips seems to hold the old-fashioned notion that Shakespeare, the

most consummate artist that ever lived, wrote without effort, by inspiration; and he accepts, as just criticism, Milton's allusion to his "native wood-notes wild." The subject is a large one, which cannot be discussed in a sentence or two, and we are forgetting that when a work has reached a sixth edition its approved weight and value render criticism useless. Students—and some there are who give the greater part of their lives to Shakespeare—may appropriately spend some days upon these volumes.

Lady Colin Campbell makes her debut as an authoress in a daintily got-up little work—*A Book of the Running Brook and of Still Waters* (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington)—which treats of the most common of our British fresh-water fishes. Rather, therefore, is it a book of still waters than of the running brook. Her Ladyship writes, not perhaps always at first hand, but very pleasantly withal, of eels and elvers, pike, carp, and the cousins of the carp, perch, small fry, and the management and construction of fish-ponds. The oldest treatise about fish, fishing, and fish-ponds was written by a lady, in the person of Dame Juliana Berners or Barnes; and now, four hundred years later, the newest, until another shall take its place, is also written by one of the fair sex. Lady Colin Campbell has an object. She wishes to fix widespread public attention on the neglected waters of the country, deeming that there is involved in that subject a question of such vital importance as the supply of cheap and wholesome food to a vast population. The chapters, it is intimated, originally appeared in the *Saturday Review*. They contain no new discovery or theory, but the opinions of old and modern authorities are clearly summarised, and stated without pretension, and with uniform accuracy. Reference is made to landlords both philanthropic and shrewd, who might cultivate fish and make use of "their ponds and lakes for the benefit both of their own empty pockets and of the emptier stomachs of their poorer brethren." Recently, in the public press, this question of converting waste lands into fish-ponds, or, as the expression goes, substituting aquaculture for agriculture, has been not for the first time discussed. We hope no farmer or landowner will be induced to lay out money in what must be a profitless venture. A trout-stream in which there are trout may always be let at a high rent for purposes of sport: the cultivation of fresh-water fish for food cannot succeed on account of the cost of production, and the impossibility of offering any British fresh-water fish that would either in quality, quantity, or price, compete in the market with the fishes of the sea.

Very recently it was our lot to notice a "History of Rome to the End of the Republic," which forms one volume of a series called the "Story of the Nations." *A Popular History of Rome under the Kings, the Republic, and the Emperors*, by D. Rose, edited by H. W. Duleken, Ph.D. (Ward and Lock), is a work on a larger scale, also published as one of a series entitled "Popular Histories of the Great Nations." The principle upon which the narrative has been written is a sound one. "The endeavour has been made," it is said, "to avoid, on the one hand, accepting as fact the traditional statements that rest upon doubtful or entirely insufficient evidence; while, on the other hand, there has been no concession made to the unvarying scepticism of a school of historians whose practice appears to have been to relegate all early history to the reign of myth, allegory, and fable." The book abounds with illustrations about which it may be well to say a word or two. Many of these woodcuts do no doubt illustrate the text, but a great number are what may be called fancy sketches, which chiefly exhibit the artist's ingenuity, originally exercised, we suspect, with a different purpose from that to which it is now applied. The table of contents to each chapter is copious; there is a chronological table of events, and also a table giving the order of succession and dates of the Kings and Emperors. A book of this kind, however, which is likely to be used for reference, loses much of its value from the lack of a general index.

The supply of art books, popular and professional, is one of the special features of the time, and the wonder is that anyone should think any corner of this field of literature remained unoccupied. Mr. Francis Turner's *Short History of Art* (Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co.) is one of the latest competitors for public favour; and although we fail to find in it anything very striking or original, it is eminently readable, and fairly accurate. Based apparently upon Göpel's very unsatisfactory work, which even in its own country is but lightly esteemed, Mr. Turner has had the courage to betake himself to simpler and more trustworthy guides. To survey, however, within the limits of four hundred pages plastic and pictorial art from the Celts and Teutons, the Aztecs and the Incas, to the present times, is a feat of which the author has some reason to be proud. He finds space for a few pages on the arts of Asia and Egypt, but his transition to the first period of Greek art is almost as abrupt as his explanation of the shifting of centres of artistic life from Athens to Rome. A somewhat undue proportion of space is allotted to Romanesque architecture, and for this the late Mr. Fergusson's admirable handbooks have been laid under contribution; but the subject is so attractive, and the specimens which survive are so beautiful, that we are glad to find popular attention called to this period in the history of art. In dealing with the Renaissance period, Mr. Turner very naturally devotes the greater portion of his time to the Italian school, with which he seems in greater sympathy than with Flemish or German. It is, however, scarcely fair to dismiss the Spanish masters with such scant notice, especially as Sir Stirling Maxwell's masterly "Annals" are available to so few students. In a work which is, from its moderate price, designed to be popular, it would not be fair to look for highly-finished drawings; but not a few out of the numerous illustrations scattered through this volume are interesting, although not altogether original.

The series of *Drawing Cards* (Blackie and Son), produced under the direction of Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., are especially valuable to those who seek to obtain certificates of merit from the Science and Art Department. The system there adopted consists upon the primary importance of drawing to scale—whether the models taken be lines, angles, or curved figures. There cannot be two opinions as to the discipline inculcated by such methodical teaching, without which the best talents are often wasted. The evidence, however, of our senses, if applied to Mr. Poynter's works of the present year, unfortunately shows that the most careful adhesion to rules and measurements will not always insure the production of a work of both beauty and art.

Last month 21,815 emigrants of British origin left the United Kingdom; 13,891 went to the United States, 3379 to British North America, and 3824 to Australasia. Of these 14,761 were English, 2347 Scotch, and 4707 Irish.

Yesterday week the Convocation of Canterbury was formally opened at St. Paul's Cathedral. The members afterwards adjourned to one of the chapels, and re-elected Archdeacon Sumner as Prolocutor. The House will not meet for business until next year.—The Northern Convocation was opened on the same day, under the Queen's writ, in York Minster. Considerable changes have taken place in the constitution of the Lower House.



ABOUT SOME CRITICS AND POETS.

We entirely agree with Mr. Palgrave that there is no such person as a prose poet, verse being as essential to the poet as colour to the painter, or form to the sculptor, or design to the architect. Like every art, poetry has laws by which it is bound, and in obeying which is the only true freedom. If in some respects it is the most liberal of the arts, having the widest scope—since words can express more than the brush or chisel, or even than music—it is at the same time strictly conservative; and it is as necessary for a poet to keep within certain lines as for an engine to move upon rails. It is well, therefore, that the Professor of Poetry at Oxford should resist a poetical heresy but too common in our day, which attempts to obliterate one of the most prominent definitions in literature.

Readers of recent poetical criticism may have come upon certain judgments with regard to the poets of our century which apparently are as paradoxical as the talk about prose poetry. For example, here are two distinguished poets and critics of poetry, Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne, who have formed entirely opposite views as to the place in literature held by men who in name at least, as all will admit, are among the most distinguished the century has produced.

Fifty years ago Lord Byron was declared by the critics to be one of the greatest poets of his country. Indeed, from Goethe and Sir Walter Scott down to the schoolboy elocutionists who spouted "The Isles of Greece," or the famous lines addressed to the ocean, Byron was looked up to as a poetical Goliath. Blame enough he received, no doubt; but this was for defects of character, not of genius; and there was a time when the men who believed in the superiority of Wordsworth or of Coleridge might have been counted on the fingers.

He taught us little, but our soul  
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.

wrote Mr. Arnold, in his beautiful memorial verses, and five years since, as our readers may remember, he published a selection of Byron's poetry. In a noticeable preface, he acknowledges frankly enough the poet's faults of negligence, diffuseness, and repetition, and admits that he has been over-praised; but he considers that he and Wordsworth "stand first and pre-eminent in actual performance a glorious pair among the English poets of the century." They stand out by themselves, he adds, and neither Coleridge, "wrecked in a mist of opium, nor Shelley—beautiful and ineffectual angel—beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," are worthy of comparison with him. More than this Mr. Arnold has to say of Shelley, who shows in his poetry "the incurable fault of unsubstantiality," and then comes the following sentence, never to be forgiven by the Shelleyites:—"Nay, I doubt whether his delightful essays and letters, which deserve to be far more read than they are now, will not resist the wear and tear of time better, and finally come to stand higher, than his poetry."

Now, everybody knows, or might know, that to hint in Mr. Swinburne's hearing that either Shelley or Victor Hugo do not rank with the first poets of all time is like flaunting a red rag before a "skittish Scottish bull." And for an exquisite poet like Mr. Arnold to prefer Shelley's prose to his verse, is a proof that the world, as seen by such a critic, is out of joint indeed. So Mr. Swinburne, full of fiery zeal for Shelley—and, we may observe, parenthetically, for Coleridge also—while courteously marvelling at Mr. Arnold's daring in paradox, sets himself to attack Byron. In his nature, he says, there is neither a note of real music nor a gleam of real imagination. Of all remembered poets he is the most wanting in distinction of any kind, and "the most dependent for his effects on the most vulgar and violent resources of rant and cant and glare and splash and splutter." All his serious poetry together is hardly worth a certain passage in Crabbe's "Borough," and he is "really not a poet of passion at all." His verse, moreover, is wheezing and broken-winded; and, as if to emphasise his opposition to Mr. Arnold's judgment, the writer adds that, while Byron is not to be compared with Shelley as a poet, he excels him as a letter-writer.

Now, both Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne are profound students of poetry. They have probably read as much and thought as much about the subject as any living critics, and they have the inestimable advantage of being masters in the art they criticise. They are our teachers, but, unfortunately, one takes one road while the other runs in the opposite direction. Which are we to follow, or must we follow either? A reader of Mr. Swinburne's eloquent eulogies and fierce denunciations will discover that he is influenced by the views of the men he praises as well as by their verse. Some large part of the love he shows to Hugo is due to his Republicanism; Collins is praised by him for "re-announcing, with the passion of a lyric and heroic rapture, the divine right and the God-like duty of tyrannicide"; and Shelley has his reverence and regard for his political aspirations as much, perhaps, as for his "mastery of insuperable song."

Another point strikes one. Mr. Swinburne holds that the greatest singers are the greatest poets, and we readily admit that the noblest poetry combines sweetness of music with splendour of imagination. But, on the other hand, the most enchanting music is not of itself sufficient to raise a poet to the highest level. Great as is our admiration of Coleridge, whose finest work is, perhaps, unsurpassed for music, and lovely as are the exquisite lyrics of Shelley, it does not follow that the gift of song possessed by these poets ranks them above Wordsworth, who has, we think, larger gifts still—gifts, that is to say, which, if less enchanting to the ear, stimulate, in a poetical sense, the whole nature. Suppose we grant that Shelley and Coleridge are "utterly unapproachable in mastery of music," it does not follow that Wordsworth must be placed below them. We cannot live on music, no matter how exquisite its charm; and Wordsworth, who has also, at times, a lovely song-note of his own, gives us life and food as well.

On the other hand, it may be said, perhaps, that Mr. Arnold cares too much for substance and too little for sound; and yet it would seem impossible to believe this of a writer who has given us "The Scholar Gipsy," "Thyrsis," and "The Forsaken Mermaid." The incurable want, he observes, of Shelley's poetry is a sound subject-matter; and in comparing Wordsworth with Gray or Keats or Heine, it is on "his ampler body of superior work" that he bases his supremacy. And Mr. Arnold's meaning is made clearer by the remark that the profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness, these ideas being applied "under the conditions fixed for us by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth." Definitions of poetry are many, and never wholly satisfactory, but Mr. Arnold's is fit to be preferred to Mr. Swinburne's, who maintains that where imagination and harmony, though unsupported by any other great quality whatever, are perceptible in the highest degree, "there, and only there, is the best and highest poetry."—Is it not true, however, that where these two qualities do exist in the highest degree they involve those other qualities Mr. Arnold deems essential? Assuredly we find more than imagination and harmony in the works of Homer and Dante, of Shakespeare and of Milton. We do not find more in Coleridge or Shelley; and, unless the failure be due to our incapacity, it follows that, however gifted as lyricists, they have no claim to rank among the first poets of the world. J. D.

CHESS.

[Several Answers to Correspondents are deferred.]

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2197 to 2199 and the two IRISH PROBLEMS received from J. S. Logan, Blackburne (Natal); of No. 2204 from F. C. S. S. (Ontario, Canada) and John B. Entwistle; of No. 2205 from W. M. Sibley and M. H. Moorhouse; of No. 2206 from W. E. Manley, M. H. Moorhouse, G. O. N. (Providence, U.S.A.), Xavier Moreau (Brussels); of No. 2207 from M. A. S. (the Hague), E. F. (St. Petersburg), Jack, S. P. Nathan, Rev. Winfield Cooper, M. H. Moorhouse, Hanky Panky, G. O. N., Emile Frau, An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), and Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.).

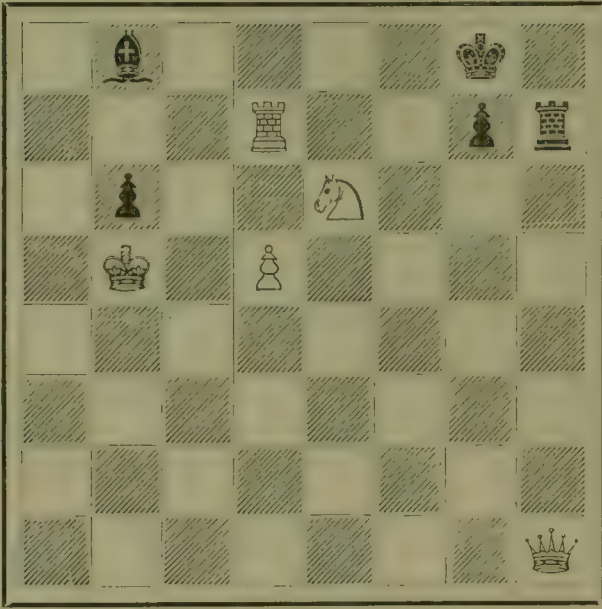
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2208 received from Woodliffe, Joseph Ainsworth, E. Elshury, W. Biddle, T. Roberts, and Emile Frau.

NOTE.—We have received a large number of proposed solutions of this problem by way of 1. R to K 6th, Q to Q 8th; 2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch), Q takes Kt; and 3. Q takes Kt, Mate. This is all very well, except the last move, which, our solvers will find, leaves the White King exposed to the adverse Queen.

PROBLEM No. 2210.

By J. A. W. HUNTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION.

In connection with the annual meeting of this association, an international tournament for valuable prizes was commenced, on the 3rd inst., at Nottingham. Thirteen masters—unlucky number!—took part in the preliminary discussion on the evening of the 2nd inst.; but two of them—Messrs. Blackburne and Mackenzie—were in the case of Bret Harte's hero; "the subsequent proceedings interested them no more." The masters were thus reduced to eleven; but this number was further reduced after the second round by the retirement of the Rev. Mr. Skipworth, whose duties as honorary secretary prevented him doing justice to himself in the lists. Play commenced on the morning of the 3rd inst., and the results of it in the various rounds were as follows:—

FIRST ROUND.			
Gunsberg	1	Hanham	0
Taubenhaus	1	Thorold	0
Schallop	1	Zukertort	0
Pollock	unf.	Skipworth	unf.
Rynd	0	Burn	1
Bird, a bye.			
SECOND ROUND.			
Burn	1	Thorold	0
Taubenhaus	1	Rynd	0
Hanham	1	Bird	0
Schallop	1	Skipworth	0
Zukertort	1	Pollock	0
Gunsberg, a bye.			
THIRD ROUND.			
Pollock	0	Gunsberg	1
Zukertort	1	Thorold	0
Rynd	1	Hanham	0
Bird	1	Burn	0
Taubenhaus	0	Schallop	1
FOURTH ROUND.			
Taubenhaus	0	Zukertort	1

It was found impossible to conclude the tournament on Saturday, the 7th inst., as originally intended, and play was, therefore, resumed on Monday, the 9th inst. We go to press too early to record the final result this week, but the following are the respective scores of the competitors down to Saturday evening:—

Burn	6	Taubenhaus	3
Zukertort	5½	Hanham	2
Schallop	5	Thorold	2
Gunsberg	4	Pollock	1
Bird	3½	Rynd	1

A curious Game played in the late International Tournament, between Messrs. MASON and LIPSCHUTZ.  
(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	13. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
2. P to Q B 4th	P to Q B 4th	14. B to K B 3rd	Q to Q 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. Kt takes Kt	Winning a piece.
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	15. B takes Kt	B takes Kt
5. B to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	16. K takes B (ch), &c.	
6. Castles	Castles	16. Q takes Q	B takes Q
7. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	17. B takes B	K R to Q sq
8. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	18. B to K B 3rd	P to K R 3rd
9. R to B sq	R to B sq	19. R takes R	R takes R
10. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. R to Q B sq.	
11. Kt takes P	P to Q 4th		
12. P takes P	Kt takes P		

Black has faithfully repeated his adversary's moves, and the positions of the opposing forces are identical. White is still in possession of the move, however.

In the following Game from the same competition, Dr. ZUKERTORT's weak health is reflected in his play. It is, however, a good specimen of Mr. GUNSBURG's style, and will be found extremely interesting on that account.  
(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Dr. Z.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Dr. Z.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt to R 7th	R to K sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. P to Q B 4th	Kt to Q 5th
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	19. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	K to R sq
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	20. Kt takes R	Q takes Kt
5. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	21. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to R 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. P to B 4th	Kt to B 4th
7. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	23. B to B 2nd	B to K 3rd
8. Castles (Q R)	P to B 3rd	24. R to Q 6th	P to Q Kt 3rd
		25. P to B 5th	B takes Q B P
		26. Q to B 4th	B to Kt 6th
		27. R takes R P (ch)	
		All that follows on White's part is in masterly style.	
		27.	K to Kt sq
		28. R to R 3rd	B takes B
		29. Q to R 4th	K to B sq
		30. P to B 6th	P takes P
		31. P takes P	Kt to Q 6th (ch)
		32. R takes Kt,	
		and Black resigned.	

Mr. F. H. Lewis has awarded the special prize for brilliancy in the tournament of the City of London Chess Club to Messrs. J. T. Heppell and G. A. Hoole, in equal proportions. We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. George Adamson, the honorary secretary of the City Club, for both games, and shall have pleasure in publishing them next week.

The Fishmongers' Company have made a grant of £100 to the Recreative Evening Schools Association (1, Norfolk-street, Strand), which is in much need of funds.

TAM O' SHANTER'S RIDE.

Never is a man more conscious of his manhood than when, with bridle in hand and a good horse under him, he takes the road at a gallop. As his steed stretches out and the hoof-beats quicken, as the milestones fly past and the cool air rushes in his face, he casts care to the winds, his pulse beats stronger, he rejoices to breathe and to live. The pride and the pleasure of this experience have ever appealed to the poets, and the ringing of horse-hoofs echoes through the verse of all ages; in the warrior chants of Israel, through the sounding Virgilian lines, to the reverberating rhythm of the "Ride from Ghent to Aix." But the maddest, most riotous, gallop of all is, perhaps, that of the grey mare Meg and her master from Ayr to the Shanter farm. Burns was never more fortunate in his subject than when thus fulfilling his promise of providing a legend for "Alloway's auld haunted kirk."

There is a little old-fashioned deep-thatched inn still standing where the street leads southwards out of Ayr. Under its low brown-raftered roof it is yet easy to imagine how the veritable hero Tam may have sat with his cronies "fast by the ingle, bleezing finely," while "the night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter," and the storm outside hurled itself fruitlessly against the little deep-set window. It would need all the liquor he had imbibed to fortify the carouser for that fourteen mile ride into Carriek. But Tam o' Shanter was a stout Ayrshire farmer, and moreover he was accustomed to face worse ragings than those of the elements, so it may be supposed that, when he had hiccupped a last Good-night to his friends, and, leaving the warm lights of the inn streaming into the street behind him, galloped off into the blackness of the night, it was with no stronger regret than that he must go so soon. Half a mile to his right, as he bucketted southward along the narrow road, he could hear the ocean thundering its diapason on the broad beach of sand, and where he crossed the open country its spray would strike his cheek and fly inland with the foam from Maggie's bit. Sometimes, when the way lay through belts of beech and oak woods, the branches would roar and shriek overhead as they strove like maniac arms with the tempest.

The old road to Maybole, and that which Tam o' Shanter took, ran a little nearer the sea than the one which did duty in Burns' time, and still serves its purpose, and about a mile out of Ayr it crosses the same small stream at the ford where "in the snaw the chapman smooored," at which, on the newer road, a curious adventure is said to have befallen the poet's father. There was formerly no bridge across this stream; and the legend runs that William Burnes, a few hours before the birth of his son, in riding to Ayr for an attendant, found the water much swollen, and was requested by an old woman, on the further side, to carry her across. Notwithstanding his haste, he did this; and a little later, on returning home with the attendant, he was surprised to find the woman seated by his own fireside. It is said that when the child was born it was placed in the gipsy's lap, and she, glancing into its palm, made a prophecy which the poet has turned in one of his verses:—

He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',  
But aye a heart aboon them a';  
He'll be a credit till us a'—  
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

If all gipsy predictions were as well fulfilled as this of the poet, the dark-skinned race would be far sought and courted.

A few strides beyond the stream his grey mare had to carry Tam past a dark, uncanny spot—"the cairn, where hunters fand the murder'd bairn." It was covered then with trees, and one of them still stands, marking the place. Over to the left of the old road here, and hard by the newer highway, lies the humble cottage, of one storey, where Robert Burns was born. It has been considerably altered since then, having been used until recently as an almshouse, and further accommodation having been added at either end. But enough of the interior remains untouched to allow of its original aspect being realised. The house is the usual "but and ben," built of natural stones and clay, and neatly whitewashed and thatched. In the "but," the apartment to the left on entering from the road, there is little alteration; and it was here, in the recessed bed in the wall, that the poet was born. The plain deal dresser, with dish-rack above, remains the same, and the small, square, deep-set window still looks out behind over the fields his father cultivated. An old mahogany press, with drawers, still stands next the bed; the floor is paved with irregular flags; and the open fireplace, with roomy, projecting chimney, occupies the gable. An extra door has been driven through the south-east corner to allow the profane crowd to pass through, and a larger window towards the road that they may see to scratch their names in the visitors' book; but the rest of the apartment towards the back is little changed, if any, since the eventful night when "Janwar" winds blew hansom in on Robin."

The hour of his ride was too dark, however, for the galloping farmer to see so far over the fields. A weirder sight was in store for him. A few hundred yards further on, when, by a well which is still flowing, he had passed the thorn, now vanished, where "Mungo's mither hanged hersel," just as the road plunged down along the woody banks of Doon, there, a little to his left—

glimmering thro' the groaning trees  
Kirk Alloway seem'd in a breeze.

The grey walls of the little kirk are standing yet among the graves, though the last rafters of the ruined roof were carried off long since to be carved into mementoes. The tombs of Lord Alloway's family occupy one end of the interior, and a partition wall has been built dividing off that portion, but otherwise the place remains unchanged. The bell still hangs above the eastern gable, and under it is the little window with a thick mullion, the "winnock bunker," in which the astonished farmer, sitting on his mare, and looking through another opening in the side wall, saw the queer musician ensconced. A more eerie spot on a stormy night could hardly be imagined, the trees shrieking and groaning around, the Doon roaring in the darkness far below, while the thunder crashed overhead, and the lurid glare of lightning ever and again lit up the ruin. But with the unearthly accessories of warlocks and witches, corpse lights and open coffins, with the screech of the pipes and grotesque contortions of the dancers, the place must pass comparison in horror. Yet, inspired by "bold John Barleycorn," the farmer looked eagerly in on the revels till, fairly forgetting himself in the height of his admiration, with his shout of "Weel done, Cutty Sark!" the lights went out, the pipes stopped, and the wrathful revellers streamed after him like angry bees. A few bounds of his mare down that narrow, winding, and rather dangerous road would carry Tam to the bridge, and the clatter of terrified Maggie's hoofs seems to echo there yet as she plunged off desperately through the trees. All the world knows how she carried her master in safety across the keystone of the bridge at the cost of her own grey tail.

G. E. T.

[The centenary of the publication of the first edition of Burns' poems was celebrated last Saturday at Kilmarnock, the demonstration being attended by 30,000 persons.]





LISTENING TO THE BAND OF THE 1ST WEST INDIAN REGIMENT AT THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.



## CONTREXÉVILLE.

Disorders and their remedies change so rapidly nowadays that it is difficult to prophesy what complaint will a few months hence be à l'ordre du jour: and what remedies may be regarded by the doctors as most efficacious to remove or prolong it. The "expectant treatment," as is well known, is not without its strong partisans; and as holding a middle way between these and the advocates of "heroic" medicine, the water-curers are steadily gaining ground. At the same time, gout, so rife among our grandfathers, who found relief, on the contrary, at Bath or Cheltenham, after a brief interval, now again asserts its supremacy amongst the chronic ailments which beset our path. It is, perhaps, seldom the old-fashioned gout, which made itself known to the outside world by bandaged limbs, Chatham's crutches, and highly-polished chalk-stones. Modern gout is otherwise insidious. It lurks unsuspected in the poor man's beer, in "Gladstone" claret, and even in the Good Templars' tea. Abstemiousness may delay its advances, and abstinence may hasten them; but on this doctors are far from being agreed, although, with unwonted unanimity, they refer to gout every symptom which cannot otherwise be accounted for. At such a moment, when patients perhaps, as well as doctors, are desirous of a not too abrupt change in the habits of daily life, recourse to mineral waters, especially to those of the Continent, offers a pleasant compromise between doing nothing and doing too much; and Braun's "Mineral Springs" or Macpherson's "Baths and Wells of Europe" is as much consulted as Sir Thomas Watson's "Practice of Medicine" or the "British Pharmacopœia." Carlsbad or Homburg, Vichy or Royat, Marienbad or Kissengen—each has its special patrons, to whom its subtle virtues are well known, and have been put to the test. But these, for the most part, have acquired the reputation of being attractive holiday resorts; the rendezvous of pleasure-seekers, who far outnumber the health-seekers. The physician is therefore bidden to find out some new Abana or Pharphar, of which the reputation for healing has not so far been compromised by the pursuit of pleasure.

The standard authorities referred to are, it is true, silent upon the claims of Contrexéville, and up to quite recently it has been practically unknown to English medical men as a health resort. The last year or two, has, however, witnessed a great change in this respect, and many of the most distinguished of our doctors now recommend this retired spot in the Vosges, whither more than a hundred years ago the gout-plagued courtiers of Versailles and the exhausted encyclopædists fled for relief; and, if we may believe contemporary memoirs, found it. Of the former prestige of Contrexéville, however, not a vestige remains. We must take on trust the assurance that the Bouffre-Monts, the Lignéville, the Princes de Poix and d'Hennin, had beautiful villas here; and we must allow our imagination to people le Château des Anglais, now represented by a block of workmen's cottages, but, according to tradition, built by us for our countrymen. It is far more probable that these seigneurs and strangers lived in the neighbourhood, and, perhaps, even at some little distance; supplying themselves, through their servants, with the water they required from the mineral spring. It is impossible to suppose that not only would every trace of large villas and country houses have disappeared, but that no evidence would survive in the existing buildings of materials obtained from those on the site of which they would be now standing. At Dombrot, Mandres, Bonneval, and elsewhere, traces of a higher civilisation, long departed, can still be discovered, and the situation of these villages on the higher ground would be more likely to attract visitors than the immediate vicinity of the springs. For it must be admitted that Contrexéville is very far from enjoying an ideal situation. It lies at the bottom of a saucer—an indentation in the high plateau which extends from the foot of the Vosges mountains to the plains of north-eastern and central France. Nevertheless, it is more than a thousand feet above sea-level, and consequently, even in summer, is exposed to abrupt changes of temperature. But if the situation of Contrexéville leaves something to be desired, its management as a water-cure establishment leaves a great deal more. Its waters having been recognised by the faculty of Paris as being *d'intérêt général*—a public benefit—it might be supposed that the Government, which in France is nothing if not grandmotherly, would have taken some steps to place the benefits at the disposal of the world at large, or at least of its own nation. Nothing of the sort. A group of gouty speculators, headed by the late M. Fould, having found relief from the use of Contrexéville waters, perceived that, armed with the certificate of the medical faculty and the decree of the Government, they might combine the benefits of business and medical treatment—their annual visits to the Vosges might become a source of profit as well as of bodily relief. A society was consequently launched of which the outcome was the present "Etablissement hydro-minéral."

Life at Contrexéville is very much what it is at all water cures, with two important exceptions—the neighbourhood is neither interesting nor pretty, and the interval between the breakfast at 10 a.m. and the dinner at 6 p.m. is long enough to make the day hang heavily. With many, it begins at 5 a.m.; and it is said that the attendants at the "source" appear an hour earlier, and some stay on until 10 p.m.: hours which

compare unfavourably with those of our shop-girls. Between the glasses of water, which vary from six to fourteen, and are to be got through before 8.30 a.m., the grounds of the "Etablissement," grandiloquently termed the Park, offer patients who have managed to fall out scant opportunities of mutual avoidance. The amusements provided gratis, after the payment of the initial twenty francs, include a band which plays for an hour each morning and afternoon, a table at which the exciting game of toad-in-the-hole can be played, and two boards covered with hooks on which a ring suspended from a fixed stick has to be hitched. Outside these innocent pleasures everything has to be paid for, the unit of value being, not the "nimble ninepence," but the gaudy napoleon. The reading-room, which generally forms part of every Swiss or German hotel, is closed to everyone who refuses to pay this extra tax. The additional payment of thirty francs gives the visitor the right to attend the theatre (very fair performances, four times a week) and to make use of the "salons de jeu." A notice, placed in a prominent position, to the effect that strangers seeking admittance to the latter will be required to "fournir des renseignements," seems to have no terrors for certain "skilful" players—if one may judge by the stories of heavy losses at baccarat incurred by the unwary. As a compensation for those who either do not or cannot satisfy the requirements of the administration, there are "les petits chevaux," a game of the race, which, under different names and forms, appears as a parasitic growth of all French watering-places. The chances against winning being limited to eight to one, it is not astonishing to find a steady stream of waiters upon fortune eager to take advantage of this short cut to opulence. M. Levallant, however, when Prefect of the Seine, dashed the hopes of all such dreamers. No stake is allowed to exceed half a franc, and the maximum series of numbers permitted is limited to four. But although, by this restriction, no player can at any time stake more than two francs on each horse, yet, as it does not take much more than a minute to run a race, it is clear that in the course of the afternoon there is plenty of time to lose a few napoleons. A bagatelle-board, about six feet in length, seems to be a special attraction for a certain set of patients, and some of them will play for hours (60 centimes per hour) the same game with often wonderful dexterity, pocketing eight out of the nine balls in the same order and holes. Since the influx of the English a year or two ago, an attempt seems to have been made to introduce lawn-tennis, but at present it is rather a private than a public undertaking, and no satisfactory ground is available for it in the park. There are, as usual in such places, a few shops in the grounds, where it is possible to obtain, at five times their ordinary prices, a variety of articles of which it is difficult to imagine the use or beauty. There is also the dépôt for articles in inlaid wood, which, under the action of a law apparently permanent but unexplained, associates this industry with water-drinking—as at Tunbridge Wells, Spa, and a dozen other places which might be named.

The season of Contrexéville, although a short one, is distinguished by three distinct phases. In the month of June, the majority of the visitors belong to the rich tradesman class, chiefly from northern and central France; in July the *haute finance* and the upper *couche sociale*, for in so exclusive a Republic we must not mention the word aristocracy; and lastly, in August, there is an influx of barristers, professional men, and others whose vocations retain them until the holiday season.

Now that the exigencies of the defence of the frontier have stirred the Government to develop the means of communication between the principal trunk lines of Eastern France, the journey to Contrexéville offers no difficulty, although subject to a good deal of delay and train shifting. The distance from Paris is about the same as from London to York, but the express-trains even do not take less than eight or nine hours on the journey. By ordinary trains a much longer time is occupied, but all who travel on French railways know that unless they are prepared to bear the expense of the first class they must put up with discomfort, which makes travelling a burden. It is almost inconceivable that the French, who as a nation talk so much about equality, and pretend to have abolished class privileges, submit to the accommodation offered by the railway companies to all but the rich. But we are wandering far away from Contrexéville, of which our object was to point out the natural advantages—which deserve the attention of our countrymen.

The Countess of Clarendon, on Thursday week, opened the Watford District Cottage Hospital, erected in the Vicarage-road. It affords accommodation for nine patients.

The *Times* understands that the Receiver for the Metropolitan Police District has bought the site on the Embankment known as the Opera-House site for the erection of new Central Police Offices. This purchase was sanctioned by the late Home Secretary, Mr. Childers.

The Agents-General of the Colonies were formally introduced, yesterday week, to Mr. Stanhope, Colonial Secretary, by the Earl of Dunraven, Under-Secretary. Sir Charles Tupper acted as spokesman, and tendered the congratulations of himself and colleagues to the Secretary of State on his assumption of office.

## WORKS ON GARDENING.

From Mr. John Murray we have a book such as only once in half a century is offered to the reading public. This is *The Vegetable Garden*, by Messieurs Vilmorin-Andrieux. It is the best book on the subject with which we are acquainted. It is equal to the reputation of the authors, which is European. The Good Gardener of France—"Bon Jardinier"—has come over to England and changed his French dress into excellent English. It is rarely so good a book as "The Vegetable Garden" is so well translated. The work is a triumph for the translator, Mr. W. Miller, author of the "Dictionary of English Names of Plants"; and Mr. Robinson may be thanked, as editor, for the cleanness of the copy from all "shopiness." The plant's the thing, and not the tradesman that sells it. But, of course, names are given when they represent those who have just title to the honour of introducing new varieties. Otherwise, in 600 pages, the "shop" is shut up, and the reader is left alone with the plant, its best form of cultivation and preservation. From cress to cucumber; from asparagus forced for the rich to the universal potato, a luxury to the richest and poorest gardener; the pages exhaust the resources of description and illustration, and make up in "The Vegetable Garden" a treasury of reliable and complete information. It is a book for gardeners and gentlemen.

In August sunshine the subject of *Gardens of Light and Shade* will be a pleasant thought. The heat of India is with us, and the skies often are without a cloud. Shelter of trees and sound of water, murmur of wind amid the branches and fluttering reflection of leaves on the sunlit grass, such are sights and sounds to soothe us now, whether we find them with Horace in "orchards saturate with shifting streams," or whether, with the author of the book before us, we go to artificial gardens that the sense, as Lientschen has it, "may be deluded by an imitation of rural nature." "G. S. C." has the gift of pleasant writing on a pleasant subject, and we can heartily recommend our readers to go to Mr. Elliot Stock and get from that enterprising publisher a book which will take us to gardens where "the hours, like the bees winging their way towards yonder hives, fly freighted with honey."

Cooler even than the garden should be the fernery in weather such as this. Mr. Heath is a veteran of the woodland, and our best-known guide to ferns. He knows where the stately *Osmunda* towers by the Devonshire lynn, and he has gathered the Buckler fern, with its sweet, keen scent of hay, in Ireland "by Shannon shore." A better companion to the moist, shady dells where ferns abound it would be impossible to obtain; and *The Fern World*, just published for him by Messrs. Sampson Low, is a popular reproduction, which will have its value to those whose shelves are not already happy in the burden of a bigger and more elaborate work.

After the shady gardens and mossy nooks whither "G. S. C." and Mr. Heath have in turn conducted us, we find a work of many varied attractions in *Cassell's Popular Gardening*, a cheap quarto volume which lies before us. Bulbous plants, border plants, climbing plants, stove plants, orchids, palms, and many trees and shrubs are here dealt with, and information is furnished from many writers of special authority in the various sections; most of these writers are personally known to us, and are justly esteemed. The information is imparted in a concise form, and the wood blocks which illustrate the text are adequate to their purpose and lavish in numbers. This fourth volume, completing the work, is, like all the works issued from Belle Sauvage-yard, well printed; and the editor, Mr. D. T. Fish, has very impartially chosen the assistance of popular pens. There is a very full general index, which we should like to see supplemented with a short list of the special articles, with the names of the contributors, for which, in the contents index, we looked in vain. Remembering the scope and title of this work is "Popular Gardening," much has been achieved, and these volumes will be found popular substitutes to many elaborate and complete special treatises existing.

A special fête was given at the Albert Palace on Thursday, for the benefit of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage. A long list of amusements had been provided.

A Parliamentary return has been issued showing the expenditure of the Army and Navy, Civil expenditure, the revenue, the net charge in taxes for Army, Navy, and Civil services, and the National Debt, &c., charges for each year from 1857-8 to 1885-6 inclusive. This shows that the expenditure for the Army and Navy was lowest in 1858-9—namely, £20,797,000, and that in the year just concluded it was higher than at any time within the period named, when it reached £29,838,000. The Civil expenditure was lowest in 1857-8, when it was £14,340,000, and since that time it has gradually increased, being £29,185,000 in 1885-6—its highest point. The total expenditure on the Army, Navy, and Civil Service, last year, therefore, was £59,023,000, and the revenue not being taxes, including stamps in lieu of fees, by which this expenditure has been partially met, amounts to £13,012,000, leaving the net charges on the taxes for the three services £46,011,000. The National Debt charges of £21,858,000 for the year, and the Votes of Credit, amounting to £9,701,000, brings the total charge on the taxes to £77,570,000. The taxes actually received amounted to £74,927,000, leaving a deficiency of £2,643,000.

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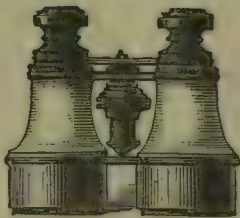
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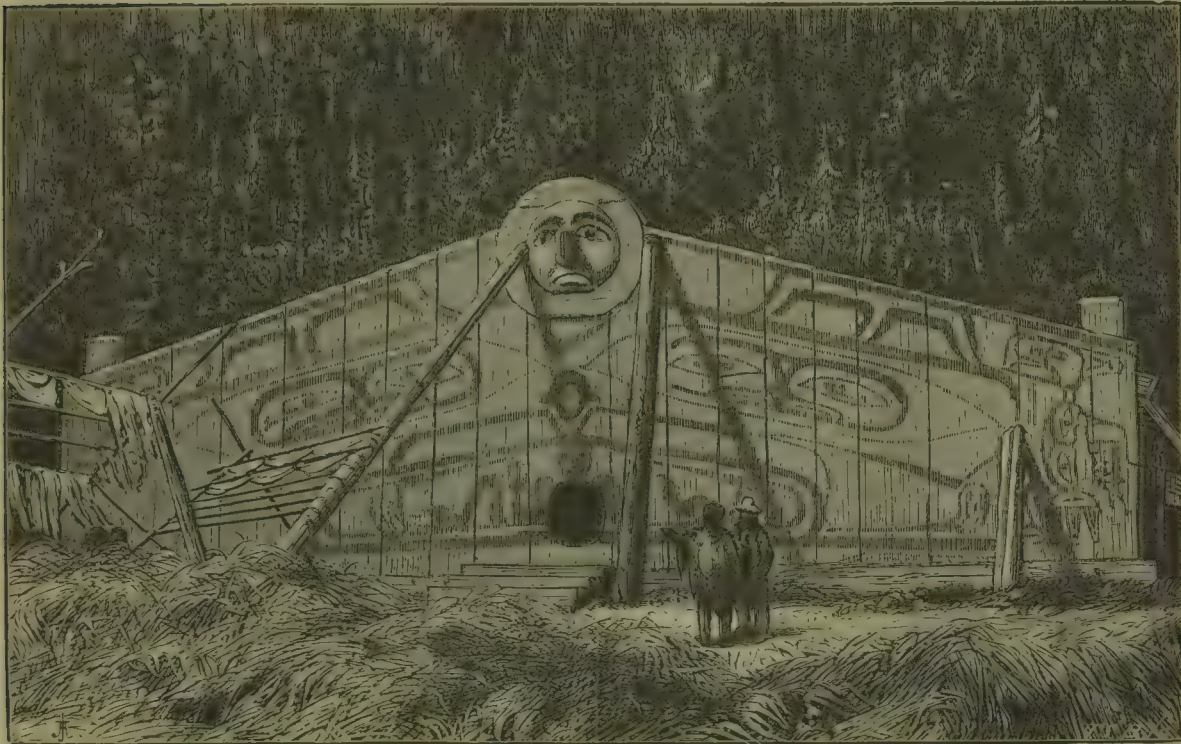
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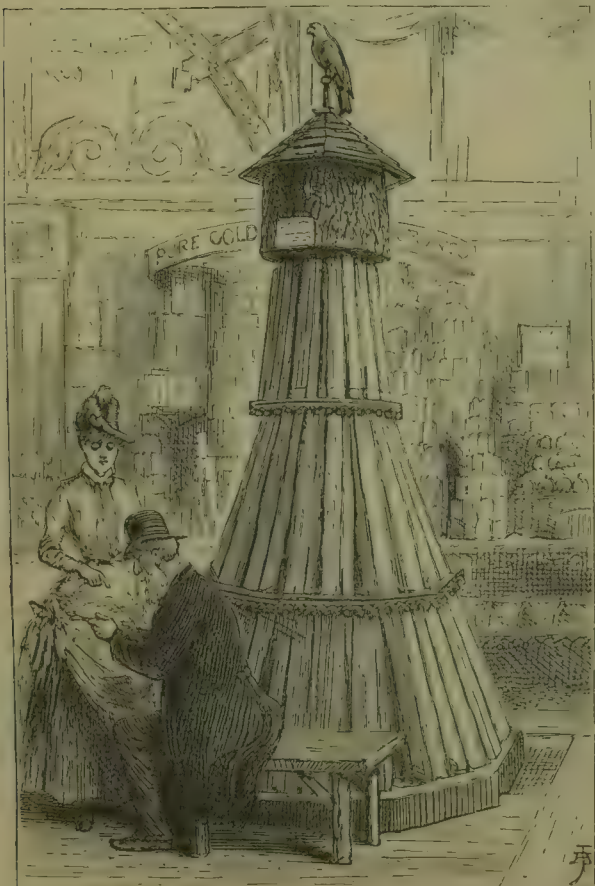
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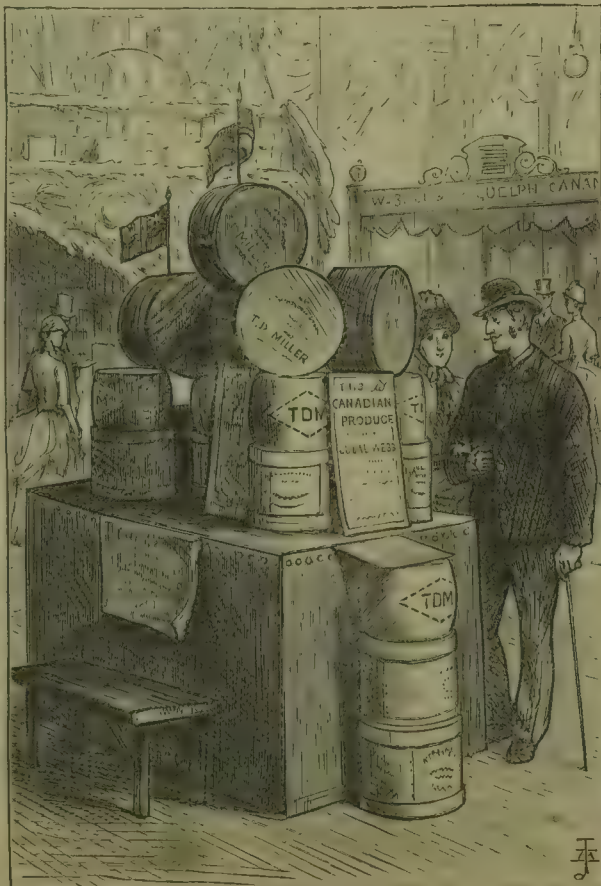
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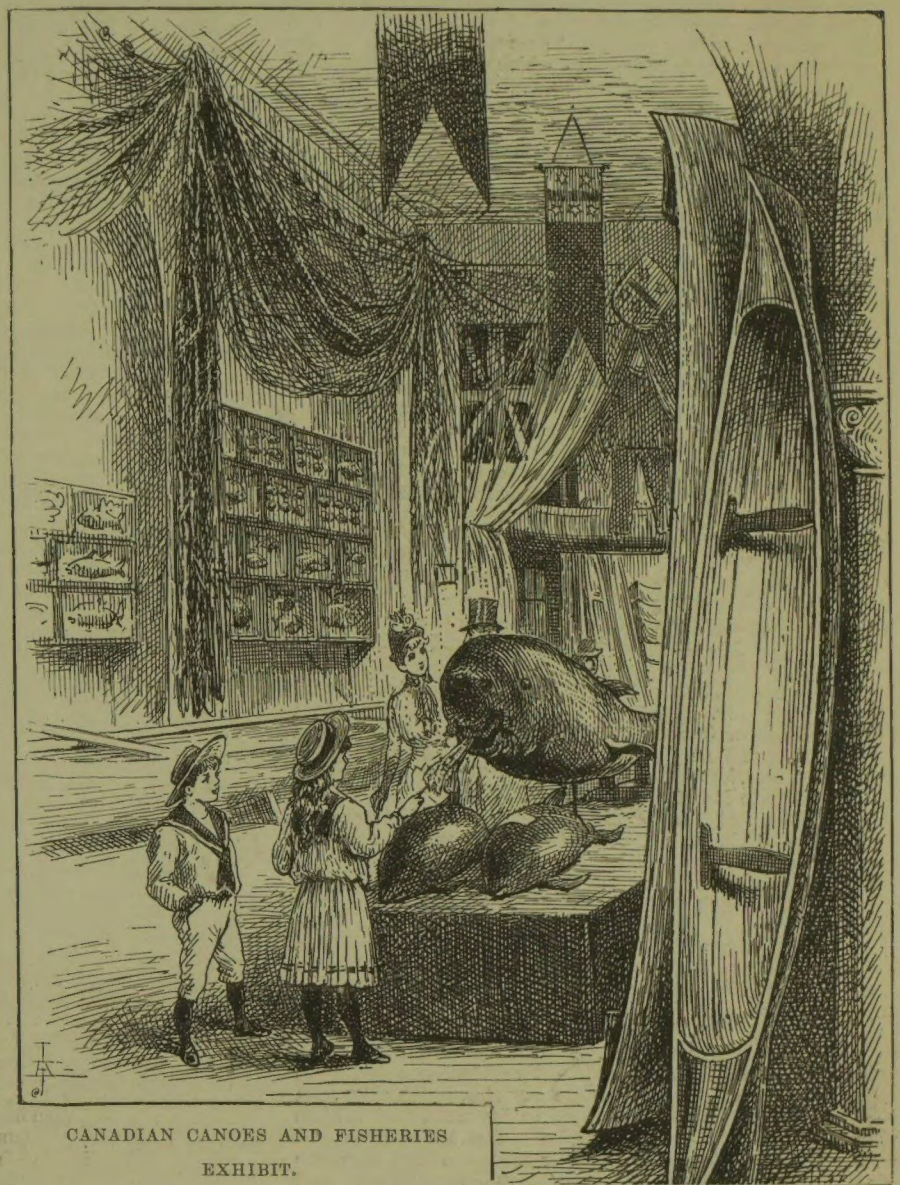
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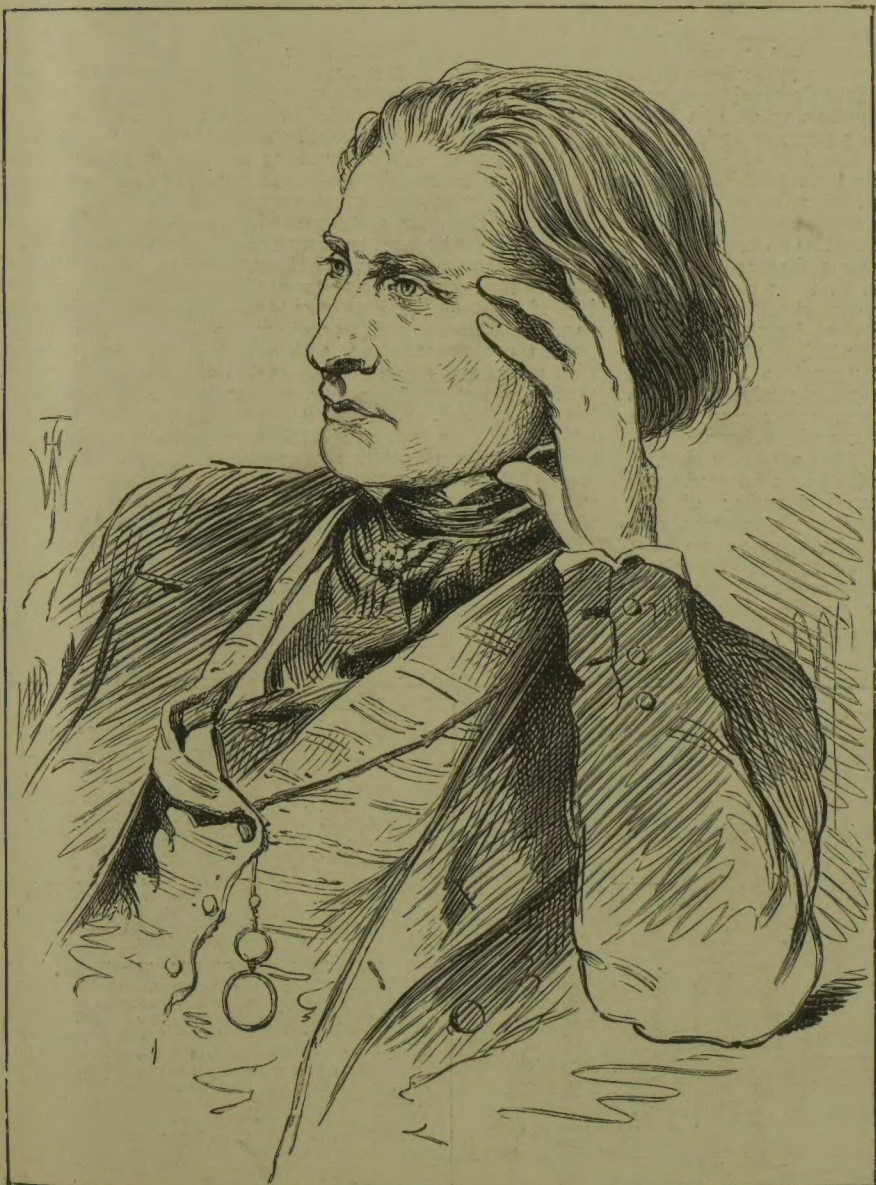
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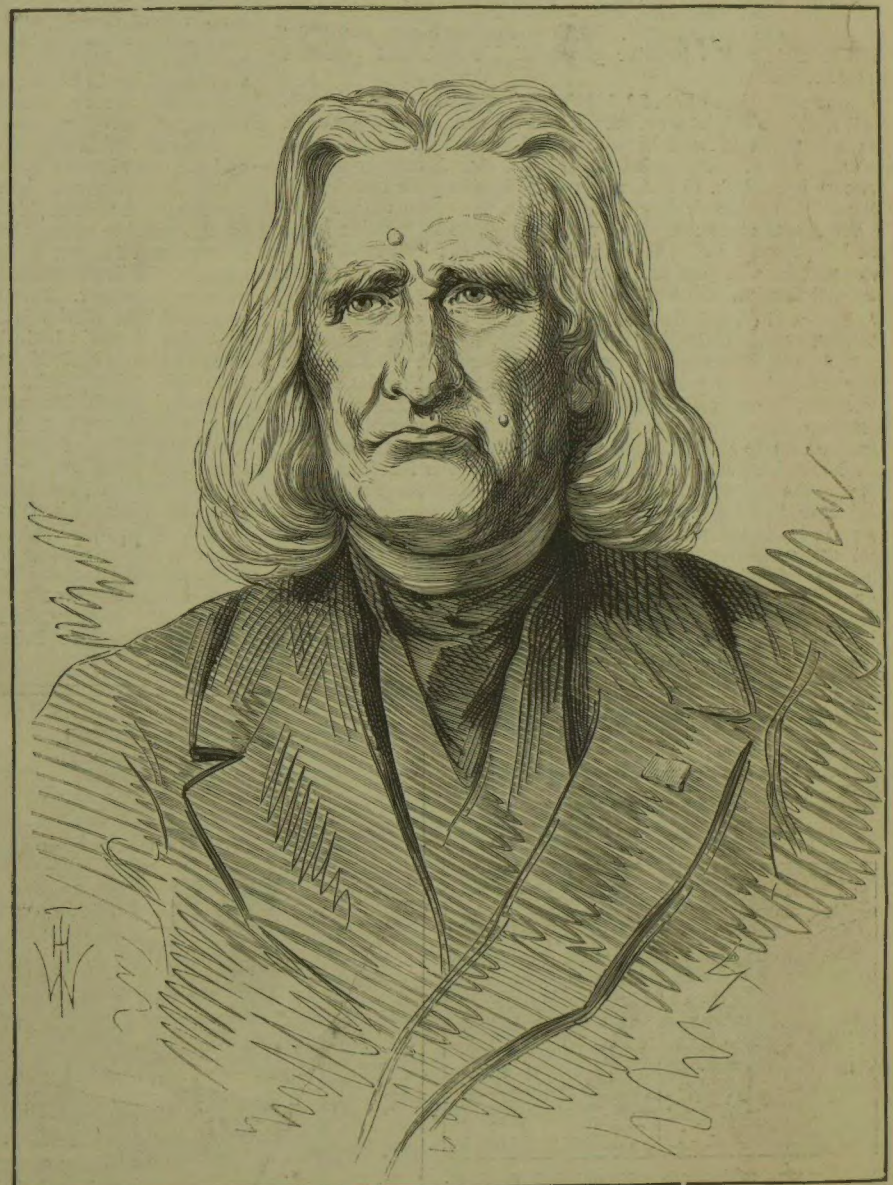


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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 13, 1885) of H.M. King Dom Fernando of Portugal, who died at the Palace Das Necessidades, Lisbon, on Dec. 15 last, was proved in London on the 14th ult. by Senhora Donna Elisa Frederica Hensler Condessa de Edla, the widow, and the executrix, the value of the personal estate in this country exceeding £4700. The testator speaks of the loyal dedication and true affection which he has always consecrated to the Portuguese nation, and immensely thanks it for the manner with which it has always received and treated him. His three surviving children and the children of his deceased daughter will, by law, inherit two thirds of his property; and, subject to some legacies to members of his household and to others, and also of 1,500,000 reis to the necessitous poor of Lisbon, and of 450,000 reis to the poor of Cintra, he gives to his wife all he can legally dispose of.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1862), with four codicils (dated May 3, 1875; Aug. 9, 1876; and Feb. 26 and Oct. 29, 1877), of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl Amherst, late of No. 43, Grosvenor-square, who died on March 26 last, at Montreal, Sevenoaks, Kent, was proved on the 23rd ult. by the Right Hon. William Archer, Earl Amherst, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £109,000. The testator gives £1000, and his carriages, carriage and saddle-horses and harness, to his wife; the use of the family jewels to his wife, for life, and then to go with his settled estates; the furniture, pictures, books and effects at No. 43, Grosvenor-square, and his plate, plated articles and linen, wherever they may be, to his wife, for life; the right to enjoy the mansion house, Montreal, and pleasure-grounds, with the furniture, pictures, and effects, and £2000 per annum so long as she may exercise such right, to his wife, in addition to the jointure already provided for her; and an annuity to his butler. Portions have already been provided for his younger children by deeds; and to some of them he now gives legacies. All his real estate, and the residue of the personalty, he leaves to his eldest son.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1875), with five codicils (dated Sept. 6, 1875; Nov. 16, 1878; Jan. 10 and Dec. 29, 1880; and Nov. 27, 1884), of General the Right Hon. Cecil Weld, Baron Forester, late of Willey Park, in the county of Salop, who died on Feb. 14 last, has been proved at the Shrewsbury District Registry by the Right Hon. Mary Anne, Lady Forester, and Viscount Newport, the executors, the value of the personal estate being under £70,000. The testator bequeaths all the furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects at any house occupied by him, except Willey Park, any article or articles of furniture or effects at Willey Park she may select, and any of his horses and carriages she may wish to have, to his wife; the remainder of his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects at Willey Park, and of his horses and carriages, and all his live and dead farming stock, to his brother, the Hon. and Rev. Orlando Watkin Weld Forester; and legacies to god-children, executors, valet, and domestic servants. The residue of the personalty he gives to his wife. All the real estate and other property of which he is tenant in tail or tenant in tail male under the will of the late George Forester, he charges with the payment of £2000 per annum to his wife, and subject thereto, in default of male issue, he settles the same on his said brother, for life, with remainder to his son Cecil Theodore Weld Forester, for life, with remainder to his son George Cecil Beaumont Weld Forester, for life.

The will (dated Dec. 28, 1874) of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Erskine, Baron Farnborough, K.C.B., late of Speakers' court, Westminster, who died on May 17 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by the Right Hon. Louisa Johanna, Baroness Farnborough, the widow, Alfred Bonham Carter, and George Laughton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. With the exception of annuities to two sisters, the testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1849), with a codicil (dated May 5, 1866), of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Alexander Shafto, Baron Waveney, F.R.S., Lord Lieutenant of the county of Antrim, formerly M.P. for Cambridge, late of No. 7, Audley-square, who died on Feb. 15 last, was proved on the 14th inst. by Sir Hugh Edward Adair, Bart., the brother, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testator gives all his personal estate to his wife, Theodosia; but, as she predeceased him, it goes to his next-of-kin, under the statute for the distribution of intestates' effects.

The will (dated March 17, 1881), with two codicils (dated Oct. 23, 1881, and May 8, 1883), of Mr. Francis Samuel Coleman, late of Trevanger, Hamlet-road, Norwood, who died on May 20 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Francis House Coleman, Francis William Coleman, and Mrs. Mary Emma Coleman, the widow, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £64,000. The testator leaves his house, The Retreat, in Cornwall, with the furniture and effects, the furniture and effects at his residence Trevanger, and £500 to his wife; his residence Trevanger and £1200 per annum to his wife, for life or widowhood; £5000 to his sister, Mrs. Maria Jane Carpenter; and other legacies. The income of his residuary, real, and personal estate is to accumulate until the death or marriage again of his wife, and on the happening of either of these events he bequeaths £5000 to the Stockwell Orphanage; £500 to the General Baptist Missionary Society for the Orissa Mission; £500 to the

Wesleyan superintendent of the circuit in which the parish of St. Minver, Cornwall, is situated, for the poor of the said parish; £8000 to Frank Coleman, the son of his uncle, Thomas Coleman; £6000 to his said sister, Mrs. Carpenter; and legacies to her children, and others. As to the ultimate residue of his property, he gives two thirds to the said Francis House Coleman, and one third to the children of the said Francis House Coleman by his first marriage.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1885), with two codicils (dated July 28, 1885, and April 10, 1886), of Mr. Stavros James Negroponte, late of No. 43, Addison-gardens, North Kensington, who died on May 6 last, at Higher Broughton, Manchester, was proved on the 16th ult. by Mrs. Ruth Negroponte, the widow, John Ambrose Negroponte, and Mrs. Sarah Clifton Swinglehurst, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to be distributed among the charities of Manchester; his pictures, furniture, and effects to his wife; £1000 per annum to her, for life, and at her death £10,000 as she shall appoint; and other legacies. The residue of his property is to accumulate for twenty years, if his wife shall so long live; at the expiration of such period, if his wife is then alive, three fourths of the income of such part as may by law be applied for charitable purposes is to be paid to such Greek community or communities, institution or institutions, at Chio, in memory of his mother, and ultimately six eighths of the residue is to go to the said communities or institutions, to be selected in conjunction with the Greek Consul. The remaining six eighths of the ultimate residue he gives to various persons.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1882), with a codicil (dated May 11, 1883), of Mr. James Bowley, late of The Cottage, Lee-road, Lee, Kent, who died on June 1 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Charles William Bowley and Edwin Bowley, the sons, and Sidney Young, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testator, after giving a few legacies, leaves the residue of his property, in trust, for all his children, in equal shares, the children of such as may be dead to take their parents' share.

The best praise we can give to *Fifty Years of a Good Queen's Reign*, by A. H. Wall (Ward and Downey), is that it is amusing and readable, and written with a generous feeling of loyalty. The volume is designed for the Royal Jubilee, but it does not cover the whole period, and leaves off abruptly, the author's excuse being that he has filled the allotted space. Of course, Mr. Wall gives us as much Court gossip as he has been able to gather from the most authentic sources, but in this collection of *ana* there is not much novelty for readers whose curiosity has already led them to seek for information of the kind. The following story, told at a Conservative dinner by Major Cumming Bruce, in 1837, may or may not be true, but has at least the advantage of freshness. It was Lord Melbourne's duty to ask her Majesty if there was any gentleman for whom she felt a preference. Queen Victoria was at first a little startled and confused, blushed, and, shyly looking down, after a pause, asked in her turn if his Lordship wanted the information as a matter of State policy. His Lordship replied that under no other circumstances would he have presumed to put such a question. "In that case," said sly little Victoria very gravely, "there is one person for whom I entertain a very decided preference." "Will your Majesty pardon me for asking his name?" said the Viscount, in a twitter of anxious expectation. "The individual I mean," said the Queen, "is the Duke of Wellington." In addition to annals of the Court, Mr. Wall describes the progress of England during the last half century, a fruitful theme, truly, and has much also to say about politics and politicians, about art and literature. Some of his statements are curious, some inaccurate. In his notices of famous men, he mentions Charles Lyell, the geologist, but does not allude to his son Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, a man far more distinguished. One cannot agree with his estimate of Lord Campbell as a great literary light. The poet Campbell, by-the-way, died in 1844, whereas Mr. Wall shortens his life by a year; and where did he learn that he was Poet Laureate? The date of Beckford's death is also given incorrectly, and so is that of Miss Edgeworth and of "Helen," her latest novel. Moreover, does not Mr. Wall remember how greatly the author of the lives of Goldsmith, Landor, and Dickens disliked being miscalled John Foster, the name of the Baptist minister who wrote a deservedly famous volume of essays. Inaccuracies such as these can easily be corrected, and if the book reaches a second edition we may hint that it would be in better taste to avoid such expressions as her "plump little Majesty," "good little Queen," "sly little Victoria," "the wilful little lady," "gracious little Queen Victoria." Such language gives an utterly false idea of a lady who, though not tall, has been never wanting in Queenly dignity, and has in it a freedom which, however unintentional, borders on impertinence. We may add that, at the present time, the chapters on Ireland will be read with interest. Remembering the emotional character of the people, it is not impossible that the Queen's frequent presence in that unhappy country would have done more than statesmanship can do to lessen agitation. The enthusiasm with which she was welcomed in 1849 could not have been surpassed. "Queen, darlint," cried one old creature, "make one of the childer Prince Patrick, and Ould Oireland will die for ye!"

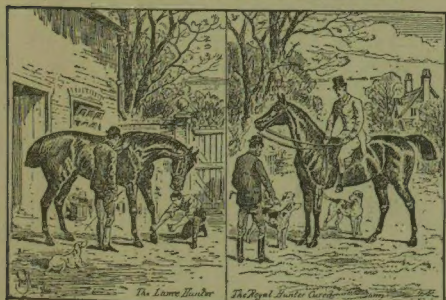
CANADIAN PIANOFORTES APPROVED  
BY LISZT.

Among those features of the Canadian Court at the Colonial Exhibition which have peculiar attractions, we must notice the collection of musical instruments that occupies so large a portion of the central gallery. It is, both on artistic and commercial grounds, worthy of particular attention, since the extent and variety of the display made by Canadian manufacturers of pianos is an unquestionable proof of the development which this branch of Canadian trade has been attained. With half-a-dozen firms competing side by side, it is obvious that there has been no lack of energy or enterprise in this direction. But, from an artistic standpoint, the whole result is gratifying; and this for two reasons. The English are sometimes twitted—justly or unjustly—with being an unmusical nation. The remark, it is clear, will hardly apply with justice to Canada, since the musical tastes and training of the Canadians must have reached a very creditable standard for a population of four millions in a comparatively new country to afford a *clientèle* numerous enough to support so much activity in this particular branch of art-manufacture. And, secondly, the excellence of the instruments shown—in one instance, especially—is evidence alike of the skill and enterprise of the manufacturer, and of the critical requirements of Canadian purchasers. Instruments which in finish elicit the admiration of the English public, and which have gained unstinted praise from so eminent an authority as Liszt in respect of tone, touch, and mechanism, show that in this matter Canada is far from lagging behind the mother country. To accomplish these results the use of the best materials and the application of mechanical skill of a high order are not alone sufficient. The taste and experience of a trained artist are equally indispensable, if many of the difficulties incident to the manufacture of high-class pianofortes are to be overcome, and it is fortunate for Canada that her manufacturers are in a position to fulfil these conditions.

That full warrant exists for these remarks will be admitted by all visitors to the Colonial Exhibition who have examined the exhibit made by Messrs. Mason and Risch, of Toronto, in the Canadian Court, of which we give an illustration on page 192. The firm show in all nine instruments—seven uprights and two drawing-room grands—all of which present features entitling them to the general admiration they have received. Two or three of the uprights, indeed, deserve special mention, if only by reason of the originality of their decoration. The case of one is treated in rich subdued olive tints with mouldings and enrichments brought out in gold, and that of another in delicate sea-green tints with mouldings and enrichments in silver. In a third instrument, brass arabesque frets and reliefs have been introduced in the decoration of the case, with a very graceful and pleasing effect. Altogether, in fact in each instance, the effect is alike distinctly novel and artistically successful. In regard to the grands shown, the visitor will not fail to notice in one instance a distinct artistic improvement in the supports. The legs are arranged in groups of three instead of in the usual style, whilst the pedal, in harmony with this innovation, takes the form of a group of three symmetrical pillars. Again, the richness of the design of this instrument is increased by a series of delicately carved panels around the sides and end of the case, each panel being differently treated, and separated from the others by small pilasters. The other grand, though less elaborately decorated, is an extremely handsome instrument in Brazilian rosewood.

After all, however, the merits of the exterior of a piano are always of less importance than its qualities in respect of tone, touch, and interior mechanism; and Messrs. Mason and Risch are able to point to very remarkable testimony as to the high rank their instruments take in this respect. It is not merely that any performance upon them sufficiently indicates their excellence to attract large crowds of the public around the stall in the central gallery. The pianos have, in addition, been carefully examined by some of the most competent critics in this country; and not only has emphatic praise been bestowed by these gentlemen upon the instruments, but in many instances great surprise has been expressed that pianos of Canadian make should prove themselves superior in respect of tone-quality to many of English manufacture.

Musical connoisseurs, indeed, perceive the tone "colour" of Messrs. Mason and Risch's pianos to be essentially different from that of most of the instruments to which we are accustomed here. The former possess a mellowness and warmth which the latter too frequently lack, and it is not surprising therefore that again and again professional musicians have declared that these instruments are among the finest upon which they have ever played. High authority can be pointed to, in fact, in support of this opinion; for Messrs. Mason and Risch show at their stall a very striking portrait of Liszt, which, painted by his intimate friend Baron Jorkovsky, has been presented to the firm by the great master, to emphasise his opinion as to the merits of their pianos. Liszt wrote, in 1882, that the Mason and Risch pianos are "excellent, magnificent, models of perfection"; and added that "artists, judges, and the public will certainly be of the same opinion." The encomiums which, as mentioned above, have already been pronounced by English connoisseurs upon the instruments shown at South Kensington have amply fulfilled this prediction.

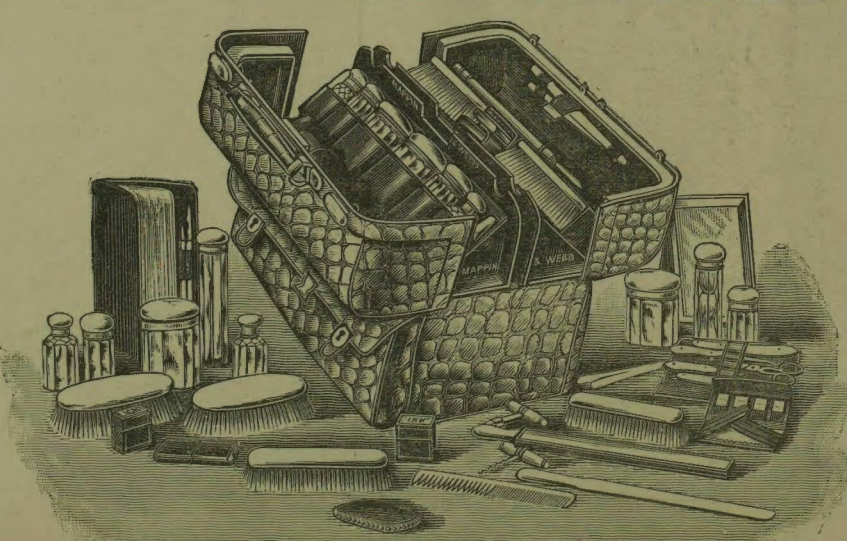
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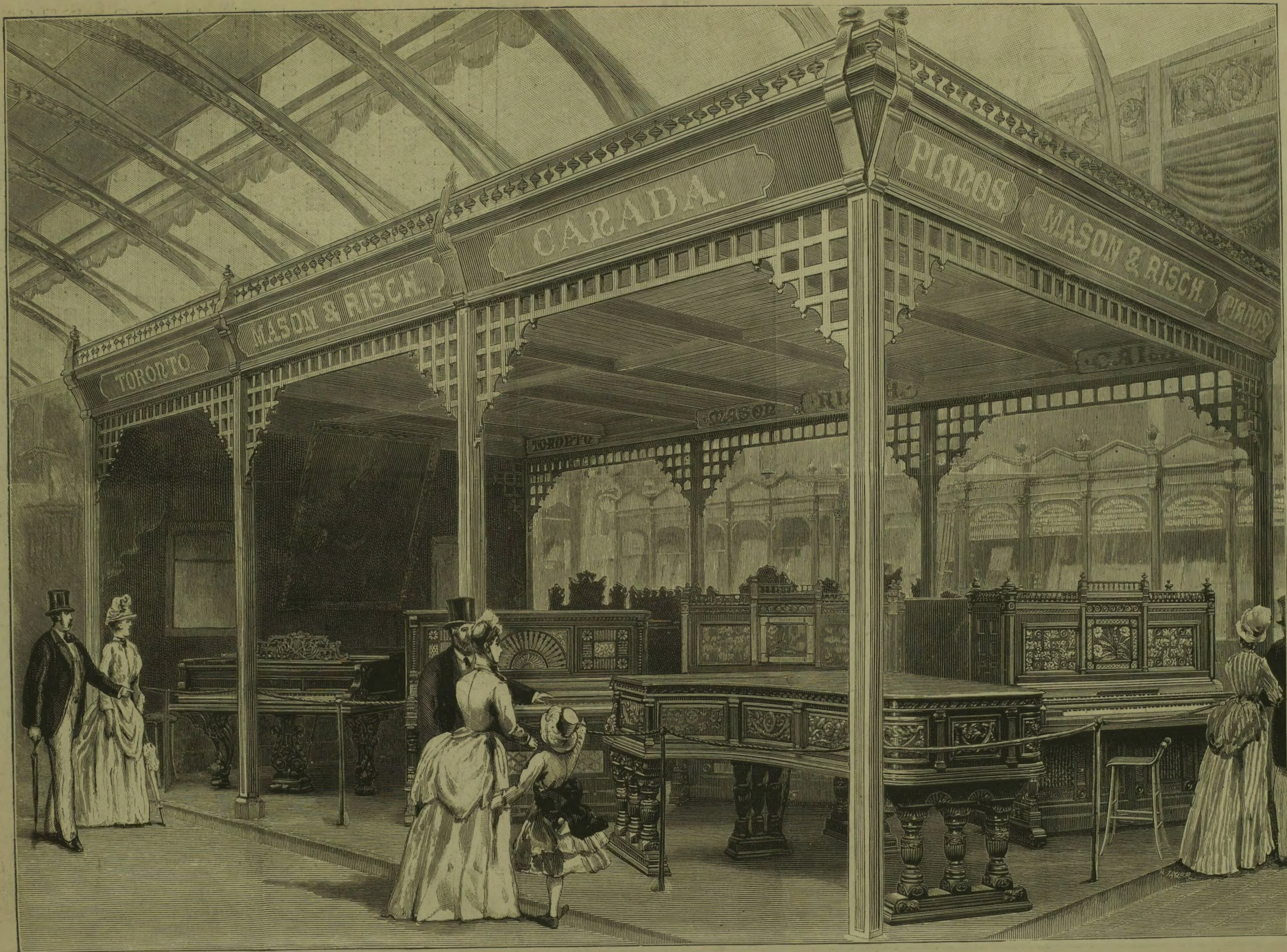


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 It is delicious, nutritious, digestible, comforting, and a refined beverage suitable for all seasons of the year.  
 In the whole process of manufacturing Cadbury's Pure Cocoa, the automatic machinery employed obviates the necessity for its being once touched by the human hand.

TO CYCLISTS.—Strength and Staying Power, with admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, are retained in a concentrated form in Cadbury's Cocoa, providing an exhilarating beverage—comforting and sustaining for long or short trips. *Beware of Imitations.*





COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.—PIANOFORTES SHOWN BY MESSRS. MASON AND RISCH, OF TORONTO, CANADA.